

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



THE RUSSIAN CONVICT SETTLEMENT IN SAGHALIEN: PRISONERS IN THE EXERCISE-GROUND.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The Island of Saghalien has just been visited by a Mr. C. H. Hawes, who describes the miserable condition of the convicts. At Alexandrovsk Prison 600 wretches were packed into four apartments, each constructed for fifty persons, and two convicts are chained night and day to wheelbarrows. The officials are brutal and corrupt, and murder is a mere commonplace in the settlement.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

This peaceful Sabbath morning at Aix-les-Bains finds me a little sad. From my window in the Hôtel Splendide the prospect has a charm that should soothe the most uneasy mind. The placid mountains have lost the snowy touch of winter they had a few days ago. Summer airs still make ripples on Lake Bourget. But in all this soft tranquillity there is one jarring note: the complaining voyager whose baggage cometh not. Official courtesies enabled me to travel to Aix by the Peninsular Express, which leaves Calais every Friday night, taking British officers to Brindisi on their way to India. My luckless valise ought to have passed through the Customs at Calais; by some oversight it did not, and I suppose it is still there. The peculiar bitterness of the grievance is that I cannot blame anybody. No thunderbolt in a letter to the *Times* can make the P. and O. Company ask Heaven why they were born. The Northern Railway of France wears the bloom of innocence and the honourable ribbon of efficiency. I cannot reproach the P.L.M., which bore me hither with incredible swiftness and punctuality. The Sleeping-Car Company may sleep the sleep of the just. I can only beat my breast and cry, "Where is the valise of the day before yesterday?"

It may still be consorting with the baggage of the British officers, and I try to picture the arrival in India of this friendless orphan. If it contained any worthy raiment I should like to think of it as contributing to the magnificence of the Delhi Durbar. Should this meet the eye of any Rajah who proposes to grace that memorable gathering, I hope he will understand what pleasure it would have given me to present him with the contents of that valise, were they befitting to his dignity. I saw one British officer in the train breakfasting in a gorgeous dressing-gown, yellow with scarlet spots, not unlike the garment in which the Inquisition used to drape a heretic for the *auto da fé*. If anything so splendid belonged to me, I should now be consoled and gratified by the hope that some native Prince would cut a loyal and luxurious figure at the Durbar with the help of my wardrobe. Still more agreeable would it be to beg the railway officials, should they light upon a valise marked "L. F. A.," to transmit it to General De Wet with the earnest assurance of my esteem, and the request that he should honour me by wearing that dressing-gown in his interview with the Kaiser. Moreover, if by some diplomatic mischance the interview should not come off, the General might explain that my valise had not reached him, and that he was compelled to forego the ceremony by the absence of suitable attire.

I can easily believe that the Kaiser's desire to meet the Boer Generals springs solely from his military interest in three first-class fighting-men. They excelled in a remarkable warfare under novel conditions, and a monarch who takes a scientific interest in his army is naturally eager to know whether these warriors can give him any useful hints. But there are enthusiasts who want to turn this zeal to account for quite a different object. It would be pleasant for the Boer Generals to give the Kaiser all the military knowledge they possess; but what would they get in return? Unless the interview should advance the cause expounded in a certain notable manifesto, it would be of little service to the signatories of that document, who have not come to Europe as professional tutors to crowned heads. Most of their friends in Germany hope that the Kaiser will give an impetus to another agitation; and yet they resent the natural feeling in this country against the whole manœuvre. We have not forgotten the celebrated telegram to Mr. Kruger, the official German declaration that the "independence" of the Transvaal was a German interest, and the deliberate encouragement by Count von Bülow of German libels on the British Army. These things point to a fixed and determined policy. There are German societies, if you please, for the "preservation of the Boer language." If we had British societies for the preservation of the Polish language, how the German Press would rage against such meddlesome impertinence!

Sir Robert Anderson tells an amusing story of his controversy with Dr. Max Nordau. As a disciple of Lombroso, Dr. Nordau strove to persuade the veteran of Scotland Yard that the type of a criminal is fixed by his antecedents. Sir Robert Anderson maintained, on the other hand, that criminals often have a blameless ancestry, and that the offspring of a disreputable stock may be made an exemplary citizen if caught young. Dr. Barnardo has done the State some service by the making of such citizens out of such material. As for the criminals whose progenitors have done them no wrong, the experience of the police is full of them. But Dr. Nordau would not be convinced. He held that the criminal type is transmitted, and that you can always tell the burglar by his hereditary jaw. Sir Robert Anderson then produced two photographs—one of a bandit, the other of a bishop, the faces of both wearing the impress of rectitude and benignity. Invited to point out the criminal, Dr. Nordau declined the test. This

was judicious; for the doctrine of Lombroso would have suffered a melancholy eclipse had it chosen the bishop as an example of hereditary taint.

Heredity, indeed, is far from being an exact science. If you inherit any characteristic from an ancestor, he may be prehistoric, and none of his descendants may resemble him except you. There is no guarantee that healthy and virtuous parents will transmit health and virtue to their children. Mr. Douglas Galton once proposed that matrimony should be made a branch of public policy, that the State should arrange marriages among the physically and morally fit, and discourage them in the other class. I see that Mr. H. G. Wells rejects Mr. Galton's plan on the ground that it would not achieve its purpose. When the perfections of the sexes had been mated, they would play those pranks of heredity which disconcert the doctrinaires. Mr. Wells has declared it to be of the highest importance to mankind that our births should be of the best quality; but even he seems to regard science with despondency. The second instalment, in the *Fortnightly Review*, of his "Making of Mankind," yields no answer to the riddle. Is he holding something back to whet our curiosity; or is there nothing for mankind but to follow the old custom of mating haphazard as the fancy takes us?

The acute observer who has retired from Scotland Yard does not trouble himself with the origin of crime. He is concerned only with the proper treatment of habitual criminals, who serve their periodical sentences, and then resume their evil courses with all the relish of professional zeal. In the *Nineteenth Century* Sir Robert Anderson says that the Prison Commissioners have reported in favour of ending the system which puts such criminals in jail and then lets them loose again. There is a venerable swindler who will be released in December. Fraud has been a habit with him since 1849, and of his seventy-five years he has spent about forty under lock and key. I believe he has a most benevolent aspect, and can pretend with great felicity that he is deaf and a cripple. Here is an old man who seems to the unwary a deserving object of compassion, although the law knows that he is an incorrigible reprobate. He ought to have been permanently secluded many years ago; but that would have been denounced as a tyrannical hindrance to his moral reformation. Sir Robert Anderson holds that society cannot be protected against professional criminals unless, after due warning, they are shut up for life. I wonder whether any Home Secretary will have the courage to make this rational proposal in the House of Commons.

The theatrical managers are making a stand against the demands of the London County Council. Apparently it is the fixed idea of the Council that a theatre ought to be fireproof. It is quite certain that if the building and all the materials employed in it were fireproof it might be used as a museum, but it would cease to be a theatre. In one case, I believe, it was gravely urged that the "flies" above the stage should be made of concrete; about as useful a suggestion as that of employing concrete in the rigging of a ship. It is necessary, of course, to take reasonable precautions for the safety of the public; but when the public understands that the precautions of the Council, if rigidly enforced, will close every theatre in London, there may be some popular objection to this policy. No combination of science and ingenuity can construct a theatre free from risk. There must be staircases. The Council might as well refuse to sanction a staircase unless it were proved that in a sudden crush nobody would suffer injury. Such a principle would put an end to churches. All that can reasonably be expected is an adequate provision of means of exit. There should be doors enough without making the walls of a theatre consist of doors, though the Council may think they should be nothing else.

The chief absurdity of this inquisition is that you may build a theatre on plans approved by the Council and then be called upon to make expensive alterations. In some cases the alterations are no sooner made than a scientific inspiration of the Council proposes to alter them anew. A certain stage-door was moved in the interests of safety. In the same interests the Council required it to be moved back again. When a manager has spent large sums on these structural changes, he expects to enjoy a respite; but next year the Council appears again with another costly set of requisitions. In the end he may find it less expensive to close his doors than to provide an impossible security for the people who enter them.

Mr. Swinburne was not present at Anderton's Hotel on the evening of Oct. 6, when a new society called the Dickens Fellowship was founded by enthusiastic disciples of the creator of *Pickwick*, but it was entirely appropriate that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald should take a leading part in the proceedings. The society might do worse than take steps for the publication of that extraordinary collection of illustrations to Dickens, by the artists of all nations, which occupies an entire room in Mr. Fitzgerald's treasure-house in Belgravia. The Fellowship has not yet made known whether it will found a scholarship to be competed for annually, after the historic precedent set by Calverley and Walter Besant.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE ETERNAL CITY," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

If mere adornment could satisfy in the playhouse, what encomiums might be passed upon Mr. Tree's new production! Fine panoramic views of Rome, a wealth of rich costumes and uniform, a careful realisation of the ceremonial of the Papacy, a musical suite of Mascagni's composing—all these things the manager of His Majesty's Theatre has supplied with his customary lavishness. But the most splendid accessories cannot excuse a bad play, and "The Eternal City" as a play only provokes a feeling of amused exasperation. As in "The Christian," Mr. Hall Caine has applied lurid romantic methods to modern subject-matter, has placed great personages in relations which the man in the street knows to be totally inconceivable. How take seriously an Italian Premier who calls at the Vatican, browbeats the Pope, and demands his co-operation with the "usurping" Government; or, again, a Pope who meddles with Roman politics, acts father confessor to a not too reputable heroine, and acknowledges a hunted Socialist to be his own son? Improbability in this latter case becomes downright and unpardonable impropriety. Even as crude melodrama—and the play's central idea, that of a wife betraying her husband to save his life, could be made telling—even as melodrama, "The Eternal City" fails to be at all effective. For Mr. Caine is devoid of the playwright's intuition: he never knows how to clench a situation. Hence his first two acts are simply a long-winded prologue (with innumerable droll sounds "heard off"); his third act contains a State trial and a Vatican scene about equally farcical; and his penultimate act alone, wherein Donna Roma's rival lovers, Prime Minister and Labour-leader, engage in a death-grapple, supplies anything like sustained sensational interest. Given such materials, subtlety of acting was not to be expected from the author's interpreters. Mr. Taber as the Socialist is resonant, natural, sincere; Miss Constance Collier makes a superbly majestic if somewhat monotonous heroine; Mr. Tree gives a bizarre and impressive study of the amorous Premier. Mr. Lionel Brough does much by a startling display of emotion to redeem the grotesque trial scene; and as far as externals go, Mr. Brandon Thomas's Pope Pius X. is venerable enough.

"SPORTING SIMPSON," ETC., AT THE ROYALTY.

An old-time drama of the Dickensian order, naïve blend of sentiment and humour, and a new farce of phenomenal brevity, stale situations, and the smallest ingenuity, scarcely suggest themselves as the entertainment with which a new management would hope to woo popularity. Yet it is with such a programme that Messrs. Giddens and Cochran inaugurate their Royalty season. The theme of their farce, which is styled "Sporting Simpson," and is written by Miss Martindale, is at least as old as the imposture of Mr. Pickwick's pupil, Winkle; though Simpson, a wealthy, good-natured vulgarian, pretends to be a sportsman, not to impress his friends, but to win the affections of a fair Amazon. But neither the sporting motive nor certain subsidiary complications are turned by the Royalty playwright to any very funny account, although Mr. Giddens finds in the title-role opportunities suited to his breezy, uproarious style, and obtains sound support from Mr. Wyse, diverting as a gouty squire, and from Miss Lettice Fairfax and Miss Ida Morris, pretty representatives of the play's two heroines. The first piece, Mr. H. T. Craven's many-year-old "Milky White," tells a better story in its fantastic "Christmas Carol"-ly legend of the conversion of a misanthropic old curmudgeon. In this Mr. Giddens gives off the elderly skinflint's comic sallies with appropriate grimness, and so may be forgiven for merely shouting when he should suggest pathos.

ANNIVERSARY OF "A CHINESE HONEYMOON" AT THE STRAND.

After a year's run, "A Chinese Honeymoon" seems a brighter and merrier show than ever, and its anniversary performance of Monday evening last was conducted to a running accompaniment of enthusiastic applause and delighted laughter. It is not surprising that Miss Louie Freear's quaint representation of the humours of a cockney "slavey," Mr. Picton Roxborough's delightful blandness in the rôle of the smiling Emperor, and Miss Marie Dainton's spirited dancing and vivacious "imitations" are still, like Mr. Dance's funny story and Mr. Howard Talbot's sparkling music, enormously popular with Strand audiences. Meantime any changes that have been made in the cast of the piece are certainly not for the worse. The new Princess, Miss Mabel Nelson, has a pleasant voice and a charming stage appearance; and two such brisk comedians as Mr. Arthur Williams and Mr. Farren Soutar are seen at their best in musical farce.

THE HIPPODROME PROGRAMME.

The nearly defunct Westminster Aquarium is wont to advertise a legend which declares that nowhere else in London can so many sights be seen as within its portals. That kind of statement could certainly be made of the Hippodrome. Its miniature drama, "The Bandits," still maintains its reputation for sensational realism. The wild rush of the released floods of its mill-dam sweeping away a coach-and-four, horses, passengers, and vehicle is credibly reported to have alarmed an Oriental monarch. But with this one item the surprising elements of the Hippodrome's programme are not exhausted. Who and what is "Phroso"? A phenomenally rigid human being, an ingenious electrical toy, or a legless person, supported by mechanical limbs—which is he, she, or it? And besides Phroso there are exhibited at the Hippodrome quaint clowns, agile equilibrists, strange acrobats, clever imitators of musical instruments, performing dogs, "living statues," etc. Truly a marvellous entertainment.

ART NOTES.

An experiment, interesting to all visitors to public exhibitions, has been on trial at the National Gallery during the last couple of months. One of the little resentments of life is certainly that which is aroused when the pedestrian on a fine day is requested to give up his stick or his umbrella at the entrance to a picture-show. An enthusiastic population, that, in excited admiration, pointed the ferruled end of a stick at a Velasquez, or a very clumsy one that swung an umbrella about in a manner dangerous to the living and the dead, could, of course, do an infinity of damage among the Old Masters. But the man in the gallery, who is, after all, the man in the street, is neither visionary nor elephantine; and he has been taught that it is bad manners to point. Moreover, nearly all the pictures in public galleries are now glazed, so that no mere scratch is in question. Under all these circumstances, the directors of the National Gallery have done well to make the deposit of sticks or umbrellas at their gates a matter of choice to the visitor, except, of course, on wet days, when umbrella drippings are bad for polished wooden floors. After a trial of about two months, the experiment is found to have no disadvantages, while the advantages of the abolition of a needless restriction are obvious alike from the point of view of the Gallery's attendants and of the visitors.

M. Zola's fame has so many more obvious claims on public recognition that one department of his activity in earlier life has almost escaped attention. He was at one time an art-critic so devoted to his work that he felt a certain pang in reversing the Disraelian rule and becoming, instead of a critic, a man who succeeded in literature. He was the discoverer of Manet—whom, in this country, a novelist claims to have been the first to introduce to the public eye. M. Zola, by ill-luck, has not been very well handled himself by the art of the illustrator, to which his minutely realistic descriptions of things seen appear to be specially adapted.

The Carfax Gallery in Ryder Street is the first of the side-shows to open its doors to the Londoner already returned to town. The catalogue describes the exhibition as that of "Paintings and Drawings by Deceased Artists, chiefly of the English School." Chief among these is an Old Crome, entitled "Mousehold Heath," a foreground made beautiful after his own manner—the golden brown, the rare morsels of light, and the road leading over rising ground, as in his National Gallery picture: the commonplace to which he gave beauty and distinction. Richard Wilson, a landscapist whose fame is steadily on the increase, is also seen at the Carfax Gallery to great advantage. One of the first batch of Academicians, he is, in a sense, an older master than Gainsborough, for he died a couple of decades or so in advance of him. The small canvas suited the brush of Wilson best, if judgment may be formed on the specimens familiar in the National Gallery and those which are now in Ryder Street. Of these latter, the large "Landscape near Tivoli" looks as if it had been retouched in parts. But the smaller canvases attract and keep the eye. The "Near Albula" is a very staid and serene composition; and a second little canvas has, in addition to serenity, a great deal of movement in its clouds, its atmosphere, its liquid light; while the figure of the fisherman and the figures of the two prostrate worshippers before a cross are, though in rest, little triumphs of expression. Of the two examples of Etty, one is particularly interesting for the sympathy, not usual with this artist, expressed in the pose and drawing of the figure. The modern touch which M. Legros has taught the British school to appreciate seems to be foreshadowed.

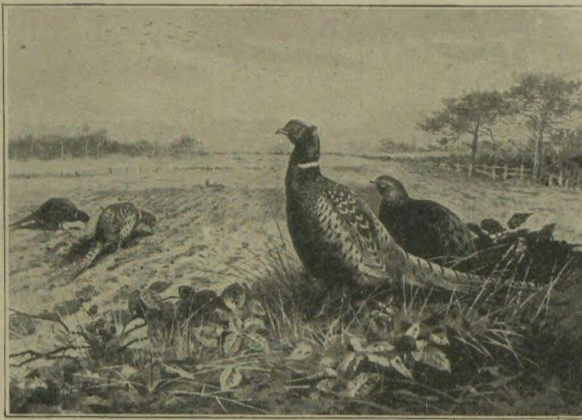
The widely inclusive title of the Carfax Gallery collection leaves room for a study by Decamps and for a canvas by Adolphe Monticelli, which shows that modern master of the French School triumphant in paint. The little "Presentation to the Duchess," now in Ryder Street, shows his favourite Forest Glade, and the figures of ladies, with a dog and a laden huntsman thrown in. Of this, as of other works by Monticelli, one may say that it is a school of colour and a liberal education in dignity of demeanour.

The Brighton Railway Company announce that the "Brighton in 60 minutes" Pullman Limited Express has resumed running every Sunday, from Victoria 11 a.m., returning from Brighton 9 p.m.

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The Adventures of M. d'Haricot. J. Storer Clouston. (Blackwood. 6s.)
The Success of Mark Wyngate. U. L. Silberrad. (Constable. 6s.)
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The Dictator's Daughter. Edgar Jepson. (Cassell. 6s.)
Alick's Adventures. G. R. (Longmans. 6s.)
Life, the Interpreter. Phyllis Bottome. (Longmans.)
The Intrusions of Peggy. Anthony Hope. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)
Richard Brice, Adventurer. Charles Junor. (Everett. 6s.)
The Traitors. E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)
Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A. Helen Zimmermann. (Bell. 1s.)
Raphael. McDougall Scott. (Bell. 1s.)
Only a Kitten, and Other Stories. E. Mildred Sellon. (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.)
The Ghost-Camp of the Avengers. Rolf Boldrewood. (Macmillan. 6s.)
James VI. and the Gowrie Mystery. Andrew Lang. (Longmans, Green. 12s. 6d.)
The Coronation Book of Edward VII. W. J. Loftie. (Cassell. 10s. 6d.)
Alfred Tennyson. Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B. English Men of Letters. (Macmillan. 2s.)
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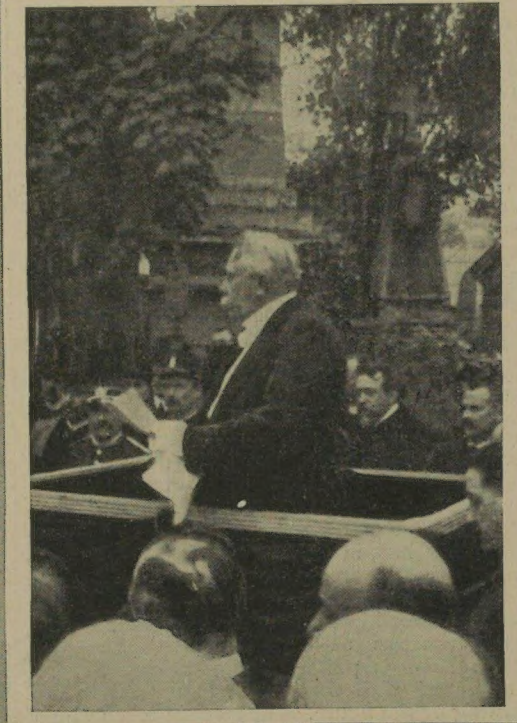
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THE FUNERAL OF ÉMILE ZOLA AT PARIS, OCTOBER 5.

SIX PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHUSSEAU-FLAVIENS.



THE MAIN ROAD TO MONTMARTRE, SHOWING THE CEMETERY GUARDED BY TROOPS.

MONSIEUR ANATOLE FRANCE DELIVERING THE ORATION ON BEHALF OF THE NOVELIST'S INTIMATE FRIENDS.

THE SCENE OUTSIDE ZOLA'S HOUSE IN THE RUE DE BRUXELLES A QUARTER OF AN HOUR BEFORE THE FUNERAL.

MONSIEUR HERMANT DELIVERING THE FUNERAL ORATION ON BEHALF OF THE SOCIETY OF MEN OF LETTERS.

THE FUNERAL CAR.

THE FUNERAL CAR, WITH PALL-BEARERS ON THE LEFT.

MONSIEUR CHAUMIÉ, MINISTER OF EDUCATION, DELIVERING THE FIRST FUNERAL ORATION.

THE PALL-BEARERS ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE CAR.

LORD KITCHENER AT SHEFFIELD, SEPTEMBER 30.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SHEFFIELD.



Lord Kitcheener.

Chairman, Vickers-Maxim Co.

Lord Mayor of Sheffield.

LORD KITCHENER WATCHING THE FORGING OF A GUN-JACKET AT THE RIVER DON WORKS OF THE VICKERS-MAXIM COMPANY.

The scene in the dungeon-like forge when the glowing mass of white-hot steel was brought to the steam-press was weird in the extreme. A great shaft thrust through the metal enabled the workmen to manipulate the mass, which was slowly squeezed into shape by intermittent pressure, not by brisk strokes as in the steam-hammer. The heat was terrific, and such as no novice could long endure.

PERSONAL.

A communication has been made to the King to the effect that the survivors of the Balaclava Charge will witness the procession of Oct. 25. His Majesty has replied that he will make a point of remembering them when he passes. It will be recalled that the *Sketch* offered to entertain these old heroes for the Coronation procession which was abandoned in June.

Lord Milner left Johannesburg on Oct. 6 for the second of the series of tours which he is undertaking, on this occasion visiting the Lydenburg and Zoutpansberg districts. These journeys should have admirable results, inasmuch as they enable his Excellency personally to investigate the grievances of the burghers, and examine the methods of the various departments.

The Rev. Canon Rawlinson, who died at Canterbury on Oct. 6, would have attained his ninetieth birthday within the next few weeks. Educated at Ealing School and at Trinity College, Oxford, he took a First-Class in Classics in 1838, and Theological Prizes in 1841 and 1842. In 1840 he became Fellow of Exeter College; in 1842, tutor; in 1845, sub-rector; and in the following year, curate of Merton.

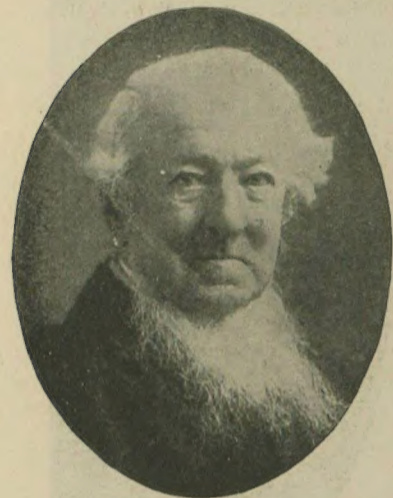


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE REV. GEORGE RAWLINSON,
Canon of Canterbury.

Bampton Lecturer in 1859, and Professor of Ancient History in 1862, Canon Rawlinson was the author of many learned works. The duties entailed by his Canonry, to which he was appointed thirty years ago, and his Rectorship of All Hallows, Lombard Street, which he was given in 1888, have in recent years been performed by deputy.

Disregarding the advice of his friends, Alfred Dreyfus attended the funeral of Zola in Montmartre Cemetery, but his movements were so cleverly managed that the ubiquitous photographer could not even secure a snapshot, and very few realised that he was present. After the obsequies, a Secret Service agent removed the name-ribbon from the wreath given by the ex-Captain.

Lord Kitchener is expected to arrive in Egypt on Oct. 28, and to proceed to Khartoum a few days later. He will there preside at the opening of the Gordon College.

The Continental capitals are busier speeding the parting than welcoming the coming guests, so far as the Boer Generals are concerned. The announcement that they have decided to visit Paris before proceeding to Berlin has been received with mixed feelings by our neighbours across the Channel. The *Temps* even anticipates "grave misunderstandings and regrettable complications."

John Kensit, for several years perhaps the most prominent anti-Ritualistic agitator, died of pneumonia in the Liverpool Infirmary, whither he was conveyed when wounded after a meeting at Birkenhead, on Oct. 8. Mr. Kensit was undoubtedly an enthusiast. His career was marked by many protests in churches and other public places, which often led to unseemly brawls, and by his strenuous verbal attacks upon High Church dignitaries. There is no doubt as to the sincerity of his convictions, but it is questionable whether his methods were well advised. He founded the Wycliffe Preachers, a body of militant, itinerant speakers who fostered the Kensit propaganda.



Photo. R. Thiele.
THE LATE MR. JOHN KENSIT,
Anti-Ritualistic Agitator.

Comte de Bradsky-Labonne, the French aeronaut, evidently does not think much of Mr. Spencer's recent flight over London. It is his opinion that his English rival has demonstrated nothing new in the steering of balloons. He remarks that Mr. Spencer simply waited for a favourable wind, and was driven in a certain direction. He either ignores or has not heard of the aeronaut's manœuvres.

Aided by a heavy mist and a strong wind, the Rev. J. M. Bacon's second balloon v. cyclist contest ended in a win for the aeronaut. The reverend gentleman's experiments are no doubt amusing enough to himself and the other participants in the chase, but whether any good can come of them is at least open to doubt. The utility of the balloon as a despatch-carrier was, one would have thought, sufficiently demonstrated during the siege of Paris.

The ability shown by Major-General Mackinnon in the discharge of his difficult duties in connection with the military arrangements for Coronation Day has been recognised by his appointment to a similar position for the State Procession through the City and South London. General Mackinnon entered the Army in 1870; has been Adjutant of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards; Military Secretary to the Governor of Malta; Private Secretary to the Governor of Madras; and A.A.G. of the Home District. He served in the recent South African War as commander of the City Imperial Volunteers, was mentioned in despatches, and created a C.B. Colonel Foster is to be General Mackinnon's chief Staff officer.



Photo. Maull and Fox.
MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. MACKINNON, C.B.,
In Charge of the Military Arrangements for the
Forthcoming State Procession.

Sir Clements Markham, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, has denounced racing for the North Pole as "tomfoolery." "It would be all very well," he is reported to have said, "to try to get nearer what we call the North Pole if deep-sea soundings could be carried out on the way, but that is well-nigh impossible." He also made the interesting statement that we now know practically all that there is to be known about the Pole from the geographical point of view, and that the majority of scientists are convinced that it is all ocean beyond the point already reached.

At a recent meeting at Constantinople, which, by Imperial order, was attended by Tewfik Pasha, the



Photo. Abdallah Frères.
MUZAFFER PASHA,
New Governor of the Lebanon.

Ambassadors of the Great Powers appointed Muzaffer Pasha Governor of the Lebanon. The new Governor, whose real name is Tchaika Tchaikowsky, is the son of a Polish refugee who entered the Turkish service after taking part in the unfortunate insurrection of 1830, and until the present he has been but little concerned with politics. An able and just man, his appointment is in the best interests of the Lebanese. At the time of his election he was a member of the High Military Commission of the Palace, Aide-de-Camp to the Sultan, and Director of the Imperial Stud. "Muzaffer" signifies "Victorious."

It is reported that the Japanese Ministry of Marine has decided upon a large scheme of naval expansion. A gross tonnage of 120,000 will be added to the navy, and the four first-class battle-ships included in the project will be built in England.

The statement that it has been virtually decided to raise the Japanese Legation in London to the status of an Embassy is repeated—this time from Yokohama—but is again denied in London by Viscount Hayashi.

Mr. Stuart Cunningham Macaskie, who replaces Mr. Samuel Danks Waddy as Recorder of Sheffield, was born in 1853, at Berwick-upon-Tweed, and, after some experience as a journalist, became, in 1878, a barrister, and, two years later, joined the North-Eastern Circuit. He is a Benchet and the Treasurer of his Inn, and a member of the General Council of the Bar. Last year he was appointed Recorder of Doncaster. In 1885 Mr. Macaskie contested South Leeds in the Conservative interest against the late Lord Playfair; and in 1895 was Unionist candidate for Stirling Burghs against Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. He has published several law-books.

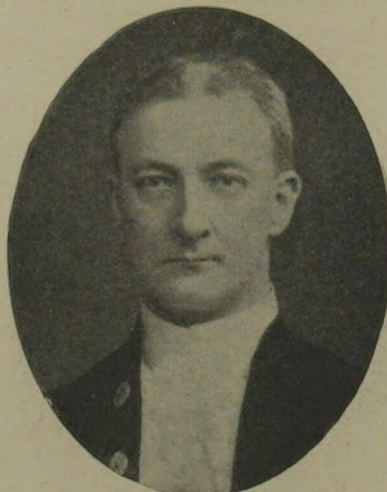


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. S. C. MACASKIE, K.C.,
New Recorder of Sheffield.

Dr. Brushfield, the authority on Raleigh, has been interesting himself in the question as to the exact burial-place of Sir Walter Raleigh. He was first buried in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, but his wife wrote to Sir Nicholas Carew asking permission to bury Sir Walter at Beddington, where she herself desired to lie. The reinterment there is doubtful. The head, preserved by the family for many years, is said to have been interred with the body at West Horsley, Surrey. The best commentary upon this somewhat idle controversy would seem to be the words which Raleigh himself spoke upon the scaffold, when the eastward position was suggested to him by a ritualist: "So the heart be right, it matters little how the head lieth."

It is generally believed at Shorncliffe that the German Emperor will visit the camp on Nov. 8 or 9, for the purpose of reviewing the 1st Royal Dragoons, of which regiment he is Colonel-in-Chief.

By the death on Oct. 3 of Mr. Edward John Chalmers Morton, since 1892 member of Parliament for Devon-

port, the dock-yard men have lost their chief champion, and the Radical party an authority on naval affairs who was not afraid to speak his mind. Born in 1856, Mr. Morton was educated at Harrow and at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was President of the Union, and in 1885 was called to the Bar. He, however, never practised, and when Mr. Gladstone embraced Home Rule, Mr. Morton organised the Home Rule Union and acted as its secretary. From that time he did much good campaigning work, and his vigorous public speaking made him a valuable asset at bye-elections. Greatly interested in the University Extension movement, he was one of its lecturers on astronomy.



Photo. Heath, Plymouth.
THE LATE MR. E. J. C. MORTON,
M.P. for Devonport.

Mr. Roosevelt is steadily recovering from the effects of the operation upon his leg, in spite of a slight setback, occasioned by his intervention in the coal strike. He will, however, have to exercise care for some time to come.

The coal strike in America has benefited at least one British trade. The Scotch coalmasters alone have booked orders for forty thousand tons of coal for the States.

Tooting Hall, the house in which Defoe is said to have written "Robinson Crusoe," is to come under the auctioneer's hammer. Its interest as a historic residence is likely to be discounted by the republishing of Mr. W. E. Morden's statement that it was not built until more than half a century after Defoe's death. It is certain, however, that the novelist did at one time live in the neighbourhood.

The Duke of Sparta, Crown Prince of Greece, met with a serious accident near Tatoi, the royal villa at Deceleia, on Oct. 4, while driving a motor-car for the first time. The Prince sustained deep cuts near the eye, mouth, and neck; while his companion, Dr. Savvas, and the chauffeur were less seriously injured. Prince Constantinos was born on Aug. 2, 1868; and on Oct. 27, 1889, married the Princess Sophia, sister of the German Emperor. The Crown Princess is stated to have had a narrow escape, as she was driving close behind the car when the mishap caused the horses to take fright.

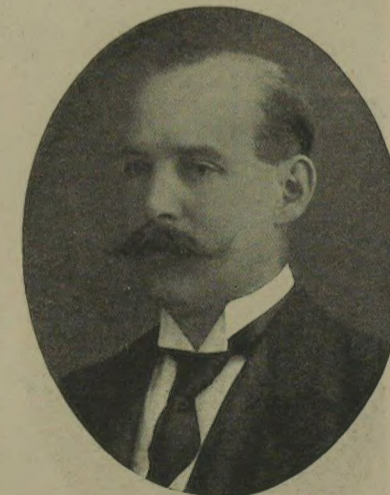


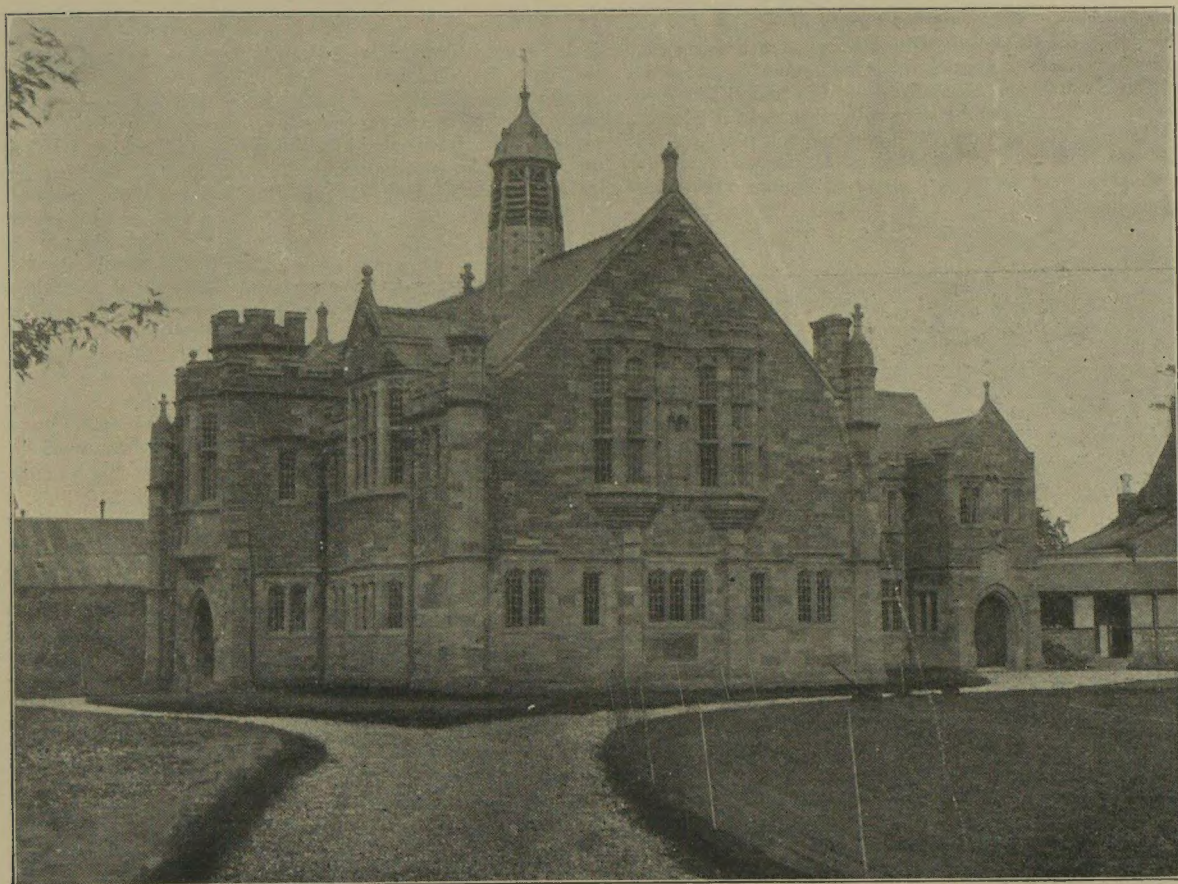
Photo. Downey.
THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE,
Injured in a Motor Accident.

In spite of the fact that the route for the State Procession through the City and South London has now been definitely fixed, and that an imposing spectacle is promised, the speculating seat-builder is practically inactive. The comparative apathy of the general public is also noticeable.

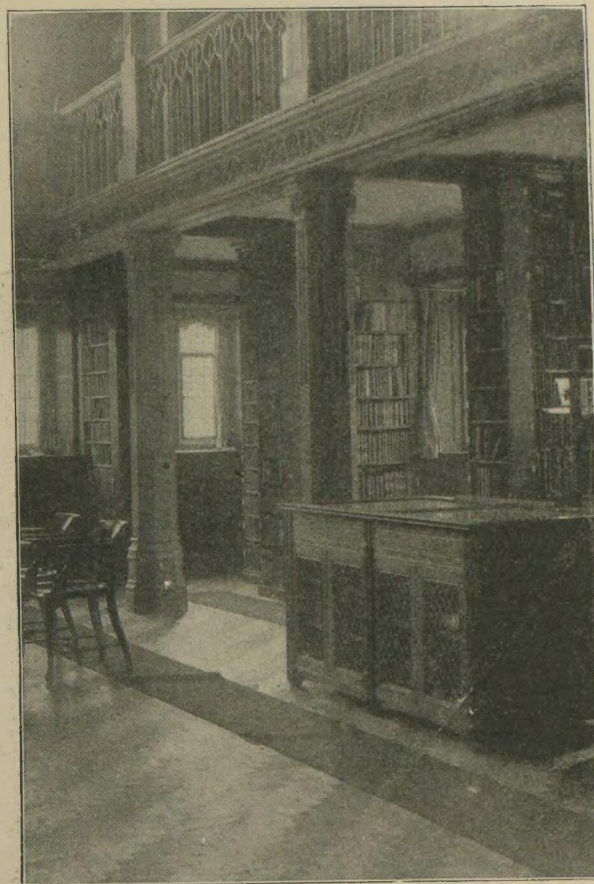
County Council messengers have been forbidden to take journalists' cards to the denizens of Spring Gardens unless the owners have first agreed in writing not to use information received in interview form. This in defiance of a Councillor's statement that "most of us can discriminate between journalists and journalists." Evidently the London County Councillor cannot be trusted to hold out against the wiles of the skilful reporter.

The refusal of the management of a London theatre to allow soldiers in uniform to occupy seats in the stalls or dress-circle is exercising the minds of a good many people. It is suggested that officers should make a point of wearing their regimentals when playgoing.

TOPICS OF THE HOUR: ECCLESIASTICAL, NAVAL, AND CIVIL.



THE WEST FRONT.



Photos. W. B. Jones.

A CORNER IN THE HUMANITY ROOM.

ST. DEINIOL'S LIBRARY, IN MEMORY OF MR. GLADSTONE, AT HAWARDEN; TO BE OPENED BY EARL SPENCER ON OCTOBER 14.

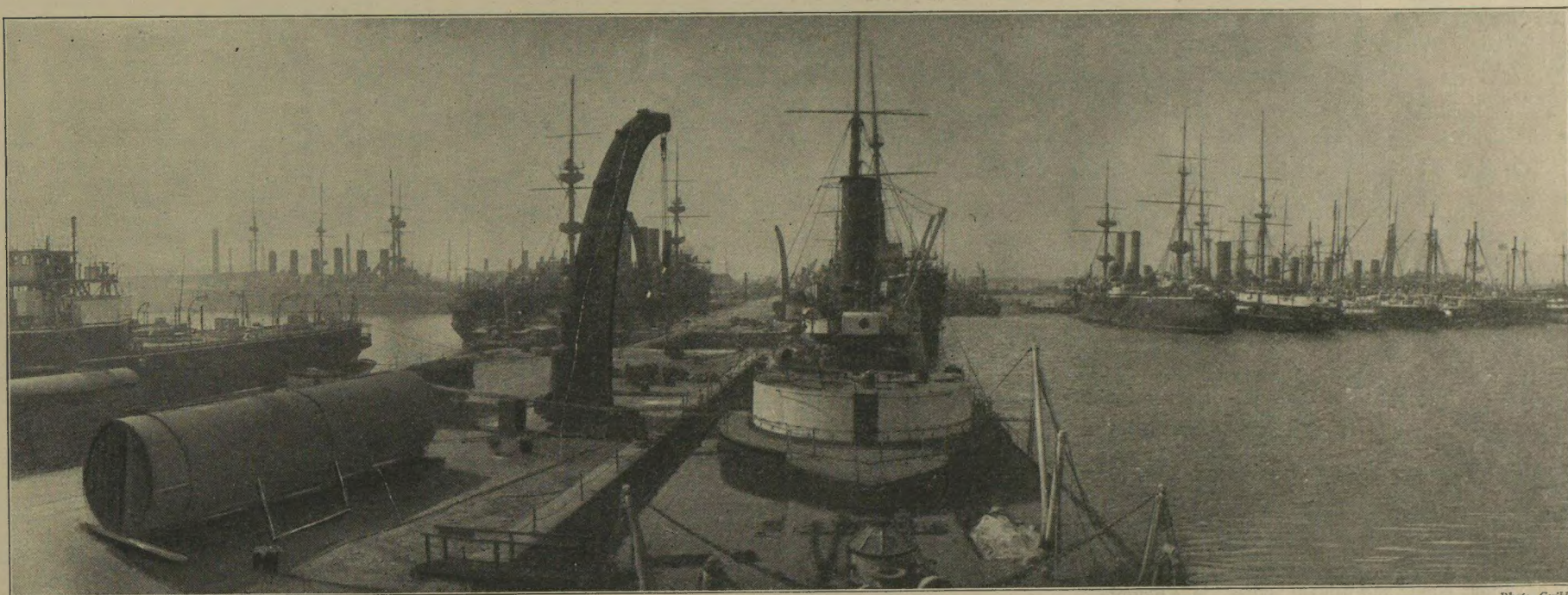


Photo. Critch.

THE DISCARDING OF OBSOLETE WAR-SHIPS: THE BASINS IN PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD, SHOWING THE OVERCROWDING.

The "Glatton," which is in the immediate foreground, is to be sold within the next few days.



Photo. Meyst.

THE OUTDOOR PULPIT AT ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, PICCADILLY, UNVEILED ON OCTOBER 5.

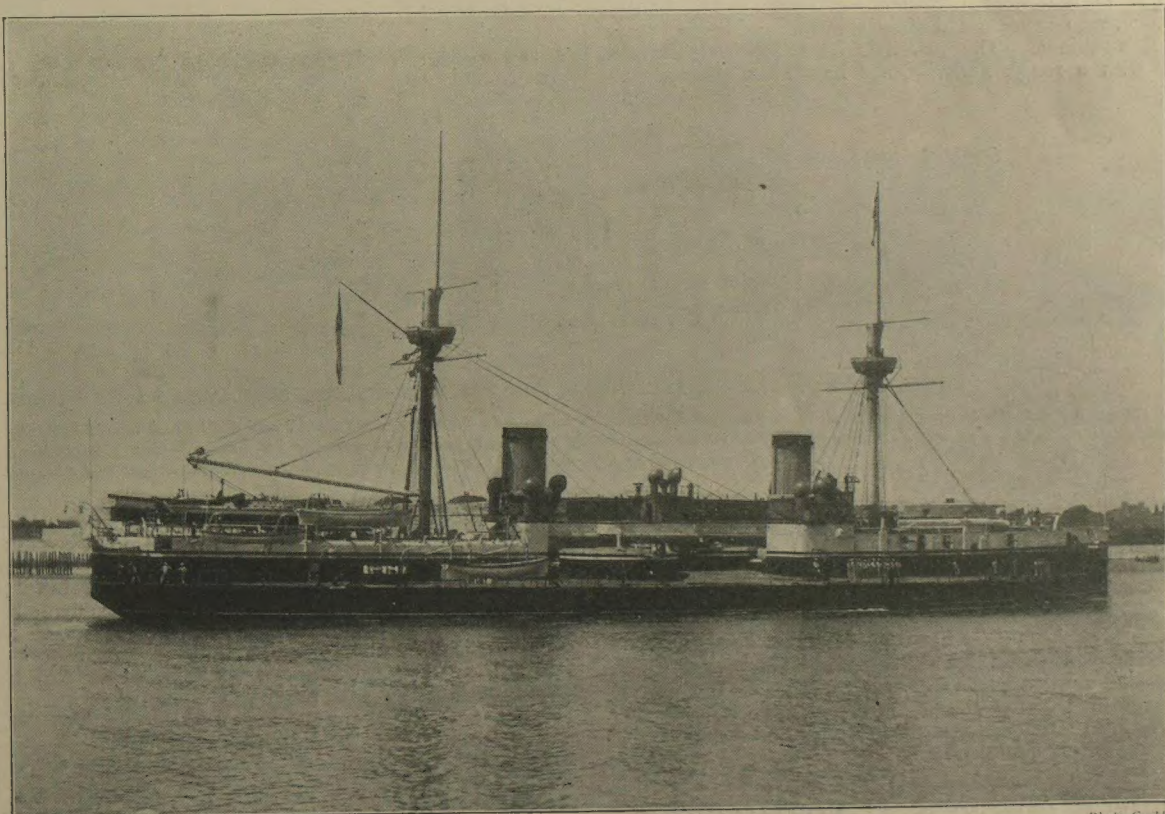


Photo. Critch.

THE DISCARDING OF OBSOLETE WAR-SHIPS: THE BATTLE-SHIP "INFLEXIBLE," SHORTLY TO BE SOLD.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FUNERAL OF ZOLA.

The disturbances which it was feared would take place at the funeral of Zola, owing to the revival of partisan feeling, were fortunately averted by the admirable arrangements of the Prefect of Police, and the ceremony was held in Paris on Oct. 5 with the most complete order and decency. The last vigil was kept beside the coffin by friends of the late novelist, Alfred Dreyfus being among the number. At eleven o'clock on the morning of the funeral, the coffin was carried to the vestibule of the house in the Rue de Bruxelles, where it was laid in state beneath a large painting of Truth. Outside the house a double line of police and municipal guards was posted, and the only persons who were allowed to enter were the relatives and intimate friends, some of whom were received by Madame Zola. In the street a large number of distinguished people had assembled, conspicuous among whom were Maitres Labori and Demange, Colonel Picquart, M. Matthieu Dreyfus, Madame Alfred Dreyfus, and leading representatives from the Ministry of War, the Department of Fine Arts, the Ministry of Education, and the Authors' Society. The Prince of Monaco was also in the throng which waited to fall in with the procession. The family had made no formal application for military honours, as they were in some doubt as to whether Zola's suspension from the Legion of Honour had been revoked; but the Prefect of Police voluntarily applied for the escort to which members of the Legion were entitled, and in response a body of infantry, accompanied by a military band, was in attendance. In the long procession, the head of which had reached the cemetery before the rear had started from the house, were representatives of various corporations, including the Corporation des Droits de l'Homme et du Citoyen. Great crowds lined the route and watched the procession pass without any demonstration but that of respect. Close to the tomb a platform had been erected, and from this addresses were delivered on behalf of various public and private bodies. M. Chaumié, who spoke first, said that France had lost one of her greatest literary glories. M. Hermant, who followed on behalf of the Society of Men of Letters, discussed Zola's literary gifts, and said that if he were a naturalist it was in the most transcendent sense. M. Anatole France, who represented Zola's intimate friends, spoke third and last. The novelist, he said, had depicted vice with a rough and vigorous hand, but his apparent

his attendance, was formally opened on Oct. 7 at Northampton. On the previous day the greater number of the members had arrived, and the clerical element was manifest in the streets. Many took advantage of the day to visit the Ecclesiastical and Educational Art Exhibition, which has found a temporary habitation in Gold Street, next to the Corn Exchange. The exhibition is divided into two sections, the general and the loan collections. In the latter section there are many fine exhibits of church plate. Earl Spencer contributes a silver chalice of exquisite workmanship. There are several quaint and valuable records,



THE OPENING OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT NORTHAMPTON, OCTOBER 7: THE PROCESSION ENTERING ALL SAINTS' CHURCH.

and many art treasures. In the bibliographic section is a very fine copy of the "Breeches" Bible of 1583. The acting President of the Congress, the Bishop Suffragan of Leicester, is the Right Rev. Francis Henry Thicknesse, who was formerly Archdeacon of Northampton and Canon of Peterborough. He was born in 1829, and was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford. During last week, Bishop Thicknesse handed in his resignation of the bishopric. On the opening day the Congress sermon was preached in All Saints' Church by the Bishop of Rochester. To the church the delegates went in procession from the Town Hall.

THE BALKAN TROUBLE.

During the past week the unrest in the Balkans has become acute, and in the vilayet of Monastir armed bands, under leader, Boris established a terror. The authorities

show little

THE RETURN OF THE POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

The *Windward*, with Lieutenant Peary and his North Polar Expedition, arrived at Sydney, Cape Breton Island, on Sept. 18. Lieutenant Peary has been absent since September 1901, and, although he has failed to reach the Pole, he has many noteworthy scientific discoveries to report. He had considerable initial difficulties to face owing to sickness among his Esquimaux, but on March 6 he started with eighteen sleighs from Payer Harbour, and, after eight marches, they made Cape Hecla, at the north end of Robinson Channel. Then they started for the Polar Sea on April 1, and travelled across ice floes deeply covered with snow and intersected by rubble ridges, the travelling being of the same rough kind as was experienced by the English expedition under Captain Nares in 1876. Amid daily increasing dangers the company pushed on until they made latitude 84 deg. 17 min., at which point the advance had to be abandoned. They returned by way of Cape Hecla and Cape Sabine, which they reached on May 15 of this year. The ice broke up early. Payer Harbour was blocked almost continuously, but the *Windward* worked her way through, and made her escape from pack-ice on Aug. 8, whereupon she made a clear voyage to Cape Breton. All the company were in good health, but were glad to return to civilisation. In former numbers we have dealt with Captain Sverdrup's return from his four years' expedition on board the *Fram*. Nansen's successor arrived at Stavanger on Sept. 19, and on the 28th he disembarked at Christiania. Two cruisers, with the Norwegian Ministers on board, the University officials of Christiania, and representatives of the civil and military authorities, met the *Fram* in Christiania Fiord and escorted her to the quay. On landing, the returned explorer received an enthusiastic welcome from a large concourse of citizens, and the Mayor delivered a speech of welcome. Sir Clements Markham has asserted in the course of an interview that the Sverdrup Expedition has accomplished more than any other expedition since that which went in search of Franklin. In a tract of 500 miles in the great sea between Siberia and America three new islands have been discovered. On one of these coal has been found.

LORD KITCHENER AT SHEFFIELD.

Lord Kitchener visited Sheffield on Sept. 30, to be the guest of honour at the annual Cutlers' Feast. During the day the General was presented with the Freedom of



NEW ISSUES OF STAMPS, INCLUDING THE SHIPKA PASS COMMEMORATIVE STAMP USED DURING THE RECENT CELEBRATIONS.

The stamps are the old Orange Free State 6d. surcharged E.R.I., a St. Lucia 1/4d., a quarter-anna India, and Gold Coast 1d.; the Shipka Memorial Stamp, sold during the fête-days for Bulgarian inland letters and letters to Russia only; a 24-cent Paraguay provisional stamp converted by a red over-print to 20 cents; a half-anna India; a Victorian Leeward Island 4d. surcharged 1d.; and the lowest value of the new Leeward Islands stamps issued on September 1. The stamps were supplied by Messrs. Bright and Son, and Messrs. Whitfield, King, and Co.

pessimism ill conceals a real optimism, a persistent faith in the progress of intelligence and justice. He compared Zola with Tolstoy, and said that their works are two vast ideal cities raised by the lyre at the extremities of European thought. Tolstoy's is the city of resignation, Zola's the city of labour. Zola was enviable in that he had honoured his country by an immense work and a grand act. His courageous utterance had awakened France to justice. At the funeral ex-Captain Dreyfus stood between MM. Monod and Meyret. He remained until the end, and his presence passed entirely unnoticed.

CHURCH CONGRESS AT NORTHAMPTON.

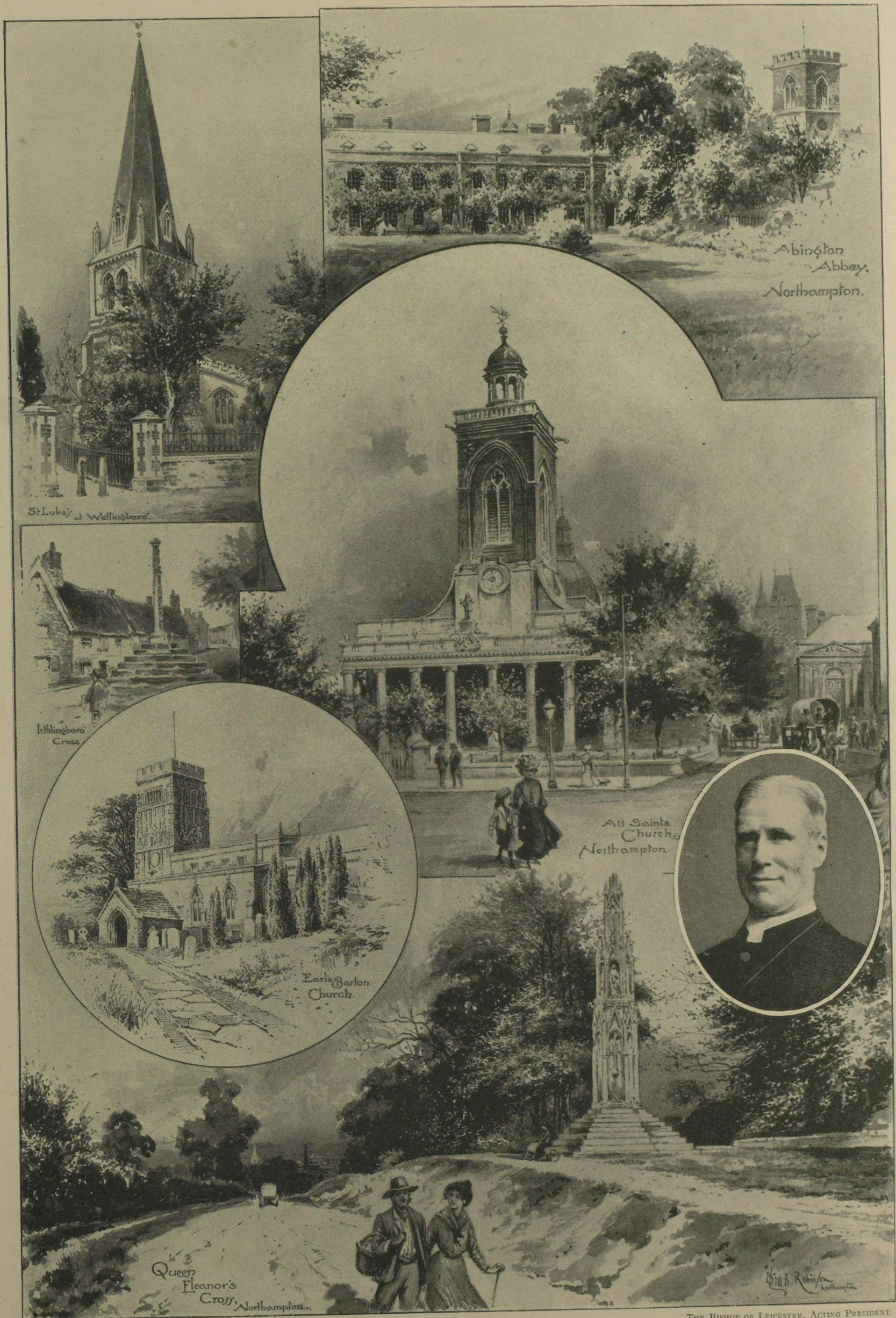
The Church Congress, under the presidency of the Bishop Suffragan of Leicester, acting as deputy for the Bishop of Peterborough, the state of whose health prevents

ability to preserve order, although they have created something of a sensation by calling out the Reserve to the number of 300,000 men. The Macedonian paper, *Reform*, has called upon all Macedonians to take the field, and the ostensible leader of the movement is a Colonel Jankoff, who is noted as an organiser of rifle companies and as a fierce revolutionary. For some time past he has been exerting his influence on the Rhodope mountains, and has with him a large number of followers. The villages in Kossovo and Salonika have been attacked and a tax-inspector and three assistants have been murdered. It is also asserted that during the last two months one hundred and fifty of the Greek notables in the disturbed district have been killed by the Bulgarians. Russia and Austria seem indisposed to act in the crisis, and it is hoped that, owing to the advanced season, which will render the mountain passes almost inaccessible, the disturbance will die out or be arrested.

the City, and, according to the custom of the great centre of the steel trade, the presentation of the honour was accompanied with princely gifts, magnificent examples of the staple industry of the place. Among the guests were the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Rutland, the American Ambassador, the Master Cutler (Mr. A. J. Hobson), General French, General Sir Ian Hamilton, and others. A luncheon followed, and then his Lordship visited the principal factories. At the River Don Works he watched the forging of a huge gun-jacket by the steam-press. In the evening the same company of distinguished guests, with cutlers and others to the number of four hundred, assembled in the Cutlers' Hall for the historic feast. Mr. Hobson presided. Replying to the toast of the Army, Lord Kitchener paid a high compliment to the conduct of the British soldier in the recent war, the lessons of which he hoped would never be forgotten.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT NORTHAMPTON: SCENES IN THE COUNTY OF SPIRES.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT NORTHAMPTON.



THE BISHOP OF LEICESTER, ACTING PRESIDENT OF THE CONGRESS.—[Photo, Russell.]

SKETCHES IN AND AROUND NORTHAMPTON.

THE PRODUCTION OF "THE ETERNAL CITY" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, OCTOBER 2.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



Baron Bonelli (Mr. Tree)

Roma (Miss Constance Collier.)

ROMA'S STUDIO: SCENE FROM ACT II. OF MR. HALL CAINE'S NEW DRAMA.

Roma, the lover of David Rossi, had made a bust of him, which was the only likeness extant, and was to be used by the authorities for his identification. Realising this, she destroys the model in presence of the Premier and Chief of the Police.

THE RENEGADE.

By LLOYD OSBOURNE.



Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

I.

IT was two o'clock in the afternoon, and from her uneasy anchorage in the pass the German man-of-war struck the time—four bells. On the outer reef the long breakers foamed and tumbled, white as far as the eye could reach. Overhead, the sun shone fiercely through a mist of fire; below, hardly less oppressive with reflected glory, the bay gave back a blinding glare. From his perch beneath the bows of the *Northern Light* a sailor, paintbrush in hand, was slowly wearing out the day: a brown-bearded, straight-nosed, handsome man of thirty, his red shirt open to the waist, his bare arms stained with the drippings of his brush. Astride of his plank, which hung suspended in mid-air by a block and tackle at either end, the seaman faced the task that seemed to have no end. For a week now he had been at it, patch by patch, working his way round the barque, while the bells had struck on the man-of-war and the sun had risen and set.

As he swept his brush across the blistered wall in front of him he wondered moodily whether fate had nothing more in store for him than this. Was he to finish as he had begun, a common sailor, doing forever what others bade him? Painting other people's ships, pulling other people's ropes, clinging at night on other people's yards to take in other people's sails, facing tempests and squalls, reefs, lee-shores, and all the vicissitudes of the deep—for others! He laid down his brush beside him, and in a sombre reverie looked towards Apia. His eyes scarcely took in the bigger buildings that were dotted here and there round the circumference of the beach—the

stone cathedral, the great yellow warehouse of the Firm, the two hotels, the consulates, churches, and stores. What attracted him, what held him in a sort of spell, were the lesser roofs showing through the green of trees and gardens, the tiny cottages on the outskirts of the town, or others farther back, scattered and solitary, on the wooded hills. Was he then never to possess a house of his own, nor a yard of earth? Was the sea, the cursed sea, to claim him till he died? What had he done, he asked himself, that others drew all the prizes and left him but the blanks; that they should stay ashore and prosper; that they should marry and have children round them, while he drudged at sea alone? Those traders, clerks, saloon-keepers, those mechanics, carpenters, shipwrights, smiths, and stevedores—how he envied them: envied their houses, their wives, their children, their gardens, their soft and comfortable lives, everything that made them so different from himself: he, the outcast with no home but his musty bunk: they, the poorest, kings beside him.

It was the sea, he said to himself. The cursed sea that took all and gave nothing; the sea, mother of all injustice and misery; the sea, whose service was to tie oneself to the devil's tail and whisk forever about the world, sweating in doldrums, freezing in snow squalls, hanging on to lashing yards, blinded, soaked, benumbed: the gale above, death below. And yet even here there were some, no better indeed than he, who grasped the meagre prizes that even the sea itself could not withhold: prizes that he could never hope to touch—the command

of ships, the right to tread the quarter-deck, the handle to one's name. How did they do it, these favoured ones of fortune? How did Hansen, that low-class Dutchman, ever rise to be the master of the *Northern Light*? And that swine Bates, the mate, who already had the promise of a ship? And Knight, the second mate, a boy but twenty-two, yet whose foot was even now on the upward ladder!

"Jack Haviland," said the sailor to himself, "Jack Haviland, you're a fool!"

Having several times delivered himself of this sentiment, always with an increasing heartiness of self-contempt, he slapped on some more paint and began to whistle. But the whistle died away again, for a little house was peeping through the trees at him, and he remembered how he had seen it from the road, embowered in flowers, with the river flowing at its foot—a cool, snug, inviting little house, with green blinds, a pigeon-cote, and a flight of steps descending to the bathing-pool. How happy, no doubt, the feller that owned it—a feller with a reg'lar job, a wife maybe, and kids to swing in that there contraption under the mango; a feller, as like as not, no better than himself—and yet!

"Jack," he said huskily to himself, "how the deuce have you missed it all!"

"Women and drink," came the answer. "Women and drink, Jack, my boy."

In the course of his long and wandering life how often had he been paid off; how often had he felt his pockets heavy with the gold so arduously toiled for; how often



The whale-boat drew swiftly towards him.

had he vowed to himself that this time he would keep it? And had he kept it? Never!

There had been windfalls, too; money that had come easily; double handfuls of money that he had tossed in the air like a child to see it glitter. Sixteen hundred dollars from a lucky whaling cruise; seven hundred dollars, his share for salvaging the derelict steamer *Shore Ditch*; sixty-six pounds eight and fourpence that the passengers had raised for him when he saved the girl at Durban—that, and a gold medal, and a fancy certificate with the British and American flags intertwined. That medal! It had gone for a round of drinks and five milreis to a wench. And the fancy certificate! Thunder! he had left it on the *Huascar* when he had taken leg-bail of the Chilean Navy.

Where had it gone, every dollar of it? To the sharks and blood-suckers of seaport towns; to the tawdry sisterhood that spun their webs for Jack ashore; those women that would wheedle away your last cent and laugh to see you starving in the streets. It was for these he worked, then? It was for these he was even this minute painting the cursed barque; for grog-sellers and the like! He repeated the words to himself as he looked at his torn nails and blackened hands. For these, by —, for these! He felt within himself the welling of a great resolution, of a great revolt. He would reform. He would save his money. He would live straight. When they were paid off at Portland there should be two hundred dollars coming to him. Two hundred dollars, more or less. He would put it in the bank, and get a shake-down in one of them model lodging-houses. He would turn in at night with "Jesus, lover of my soul," in worsted-work above his blessed head; and in the morning he would plank down his fifteen cents and begin the day with gospel tea. He would be a man! Yes, Sirree, a man! Not a hog!

Then in his mind's eye he saw himself rolling down the street, a girl on either arm, the gaslights dancing in his tipsy head. He would meet a shipmate and drop in somewhere for a drink; another shipmate and another drink; and then, the party growing as it went, a general adjournment to one of them hurdy-gurdies. Here they would dance and drink and sing and whoop it up like the devil till—till—! Yes, that's what would happen—that's what always happened. Them good resolutions always ended that way—in smoke. He had made them, man and boy, this fourteen year; he would make them, he supposed, until the day he died. And keep them? No, he was a hog; he would go on like a hog; he would die a hog—a durned, low, dirty, contemptible hog!

He spat in the water to emphasise his self-disgust, cursed the infernal sun, and then, dipping into the pot again, continued his job.

On turning round to rest his arms, he perceived, beneath the deep shade of the Matautu shore, a crowd of natives straggling out to a whale-boat that was apparently being made ready for sea. Men and girls were wading to it with baskets of food, kegs of beef, a tin of biscuit, and a capacious chest. A couple of children were baling in the stern-sheets, and a shrill old woman was sliding over the gunwale with a live pig in her arms. Strange packages of *tapa* cloth were carried out; bundles of mats, paddles, guns, a tin of kerosene, a huge stone for an anchor, a water demijohn, more pigs, a baby, and a parakeet in a bamboo cage: these were all thrown in and stored with noisy good humour and a dozen different readjustments. The baby in turn was given the bow, the stern, the midships, as though nothing would satisfy it. A pig broke loose and was ingloriously recaptured. A dejected thin person, somewhat past middle years, in what seemed to be no costume but his native skin, retired shorewards with the parakeet. An old chief, his hair white with lime, took a prolonged nose-rubbing with those on shore, and marched out to the boat carrying an umbrella above his stately head. There were more farewells in shallow water; more running to and fro; a brief reappearance of the undecided parakeet. The young men took their places at the thwarts; the old chief settled the tiller on the rudder-head; the women, girls, and children crowded in wherever they could; and thus, amid shouts and cheers, the paddles dipped and the boat moved seaward.

Haviland watched it all with sullen envy. How was it that these brown folk were free, and he barnacled to a slab-sided barque? Was he not a white man and their superior? Did he not look down at them from the heights of the world's ruling race—kindly, tolerantly, contemptuously, as one does on children? And yet who had the best of it, by God? Listen to the dip of the paddles; hear the mellow chorus that timed the rowers' strokes: not a care on board, not a face that was not smiling! His white superiority! They might have it! His lonely and toiling life! What fool amongst them would exchange with him? His wages! Look at *them*! They hadn't none and wanted none; and as like as not they were putting to sea without a dollar among the crowd. Civilisation—Hell! He would give all his share of it for a place in that there boat; to drive a paddle with the rest of them; to be—what he wished to God he had been born—a durned Kanaka!

The whale-boat drew swiftly towards him as though to pass beneath the barque on her way to the pass. The paddles leaped to a rousing song and crashed in unison on the slopping gunwales. Dip, swish, bang! and then the accentuated thunder of forty voices, the men's hoarse and straining, the women's rich and musical. In the stern the old chief swayed with every rush of the boat, one sinewy hand clenched on the tiller, the other enfolding a little child. In the bow a handsome boy stood erect and graceful, throwing a rifle in the air and dancing to the song of his comrades. Dip, swish, bang! On they came with an increasing roar, the white water flashing under their prow.

Haviland dropped his brush and looked on with open mouth. Great Caesar, he knew that old feller in the starn! He had smoked pipes with him in the Samoa house by the bridge; and that girl there, who was waving and shaking her hand to him, that was little Fetuao, the daughter, who used to look at him so shyly and laugh

when she met his eyes. Little Fetuao that he had given the dominoes to, and that dress from the Dutch firm, and them beads! Fetuao! Wasn't she pretty as she stood there in the boat calling to him; so slim and straight, with her splendid hair flying in the wind, and her brown bosom open to the sun. Pretty! Why, where was the white woman that could match her?

The boat came to a stop beneath him; the paddles backed; and Haviland, with some embarrassment, received the stare of the whole party below.

"Poor white mans work all time," exclaimed Fetuao, standing on a thwart to raise her head to the level of his foot.

"You bet!" said Jack.

"Kanaka more better," said the girl.

"A deuced sight!" said Jack.

"Jack," said Fetuao, "I go home now and never see you no more. Good-bye, Jack!"

She raised her little hands, which the sailor clasped in his big one. Her tender, troubled eyes met his own; her mouth quivered; her fingers tightened on his palm.

"Jack," she said suddenly; "you come along us, Jack."

"Do you mean it, Puss?" he said eagerly; "do you mean it?"

"Oh, Jack, you come too," she said.

"You come—that's good!" cried the old chief.

Jack, in a dream, looked above him and met the sour glances of Hansen and Bates, whom the noise had brought to the ship's rail; then he looked below into the girlish face upraised to his. For better or worse his resolution was taken. They might keep his chest; they might keep his wages; their stinking ship might sink or swim for all he cared. They were welcome to what Jack Haviland left behind, for Jack Haviland at last was FREE! He dropped into the boat beside Fetuao, and with one arm around her naked waist, he shouted to the natives to shove off.

"*Fo'e!*" cried the chief, and the paddles moved again.

And above their heads the astounded captain clutched the arm of the astounded mate, and pointed wildly after the deserter.

"Jeerusalem!" exclaimed Hansen.

"The son of a gun!" cried Bates.

II.

Jack landed in Oa Bay, the possessor—except for the clothes upon his back—of nothing but his rugged health, his powerful frame, and his stout heart. He remembered drawing apart from the others as the welcoming throng came down to greet them in the dusk, forlornly struggling with his embarrassment and the penetrating sense of his own helplessness and isolation. Would he ever forget, standing there as he did, unremarked, solitary, shivering in his rags, the soft hand that felt through the darkness for his own, the voice so gentle, low, and sweet that whispered to him—"Come, Jack, you my white mans now!"

This was the beginning of Jack's new life. He became a member of the chief's family, sleeping with the others at night on the outspread mats, and taking his share by day of all the work and play of the little Samoan village. He weeded *laro*; he carried stones for the building of the new church; he helped to lay out nets; he speared fish; he played cricket and *ta ti'a*. By nature neither an idler nor a shirk, he was consumed, besides, with a desire to repay the kindness and hospitality of his hosts; and the old chief, his friend from the start, now became his captain, to whom he rendered the unquestioning obedience of a seaman. And old Faalelei, whose loose authority was often disregarded by his own subjects, delighted in the possession of this stalwart white, so willing, so eager, so ingenious in the mending of boats and nets; a man to whom the mechanism of a gun had no secrets, and in whose hands a single hatchet became a tool-chest.

Living thus among the only mild, courteous, and refined people he had ever known, Jack insensibly altered and improved. His loud voice grew softer, his boisterous laugh less explosive, and his rough ways gave place to a clumsy imitation of Samoan good manners. Little by little the uncouth sailor patterned himself on the model of his new friends, and he, whose every second word had been an oath, and whose only repartee a blow, now set himself to learn the most ceremonious language in the world, and the only one, perhaps, in which one cannot swear!

And Fetuao? When he had first taken up his abode in Faalelei's house he had never doubted (seeing the girl's extravagant affection for him, and knowing the laxity of the native people) that it would not be long before he might form with her one of those irregular attachments so common in the islands; and, indeed, it grew daily more plain to him that he had but to ask to have. But Jack, not a little to his own astonishment, and impelled by undreamed-of instincts of well-doing and right, put the idea from him with a hesitation he could not explain to himself. In his wicked and lawless past he had known every kind of woman but a good woman; he had seen, in a thousand waterside dives, every variety of feminine degradation and feminine shame, and had sounded in his time all the squalid depths of sailor vice. In the light of these unspeakable contrasts, Fetuao's freshness, purity, and beauty shone with a sort of angelic brightness. No, she should never come to harm through him; and clenching his huge hands together, he would repeat these words to himself when he felt the falterings of his resolution. For the sailor, who never until then had known a modest woman, who had starved his whole life long for what his money could not buy for him, whose heart at thirty was as virgin as a boy's, now found himself moved by a sublime passion for the only creature that had ever loved him.

For she did love him; of that, indeed, he had never the need to reassure himself; and in the knowledge of her love he became, almost in spite of himself, a better man. In her girlish self-abandonment, Fetuao lacked the artifices which older women would have used; she never thought to guard herself or to coquette with him.

At night, as they walked hand in hand about the village or sat close together on some log or boat, she would take his arm and draw it around her; she would lay her head against his breast; she would press herself so close to him that he could hear the beating of her heart. There was much of the mother in her love for him: he was her great baby, to be caressed, kissed, crooned over, to be petted and encouraged. Her tender laughter was always in his ears; she corrected him as she might a child, with a sweet seriousness and an implication that his shame was hers whenever he blundered in Samoan etiquette; she prompted him and pushed him through scenes of trying formality, and drilled him assiduously in good manners.

In the moonlight, when they were alone together, she taught him how to receive the *'ava* cup; how to spill the libation to the gods; how to invoke a proper blessing on the company. She taught him how to say "*O susunga, lau susunga fo'i*," on entering a strange house; how to pull the mat over his knee to express his polite dependence; how to join in the chorus of "*malu mai, susu mai*," when others entered after him; how, indeed, to comport himself everywhere with the finished courtesy of a Samoan chief.

Thus the bright days passed, and months melted into months, and still Jack remained an inmate of Faalelei's household. At first he had accepted this strange life as a sort of holiday, never doubting but that, in the end he must turn his back on these pleasant people, and see, from a dizzy yardarm, their exquisite island sink for ever behind him. The place thus possessed for him the charm of something he was destined soon to lose; and he clung to it, as a man clings to his fading youth, with a sense that it is slipping from him. He sighed as he thought of the forecastle that he knew somewhere awaited him. How he would recall those still nights in Oa, when he would be roused from his bunk by the boatswain's handspike and the hoarse cry of "All hands on deck!"

One day when he was out in Faalelei's boat, pulling an oar with some others of the chief's retainers, Pulu—Faalelei's cousin—standing in the bow with a stick of dynamite motioning them after a shoal of bonito, an accident occurred that came near ending Jack altogether. The dynamite exploded prematurely, Pulu was killed, and the whole side of the boat was blown to pieces. A neighbouring canoe picked up the survivors and brought them all back to the shore, whence Jack, badly hurt in the shoulder, was carried up to the house. They laid him on the floor, pale and groaning, while the children ran out screaming for Fetuao. She came in like a whirlwind, still wet from the river, and threw herself on her knees beside him. With passionate imperiousness she made the rest of the household wait upon her bidding as she busied herself in staunching the flow of blood and in picking the splinters from the wound. Jack knew how wont she was, in common with all Samoans, to shrink from disagreeable sights; it touched him to see how love had conquered her repugnance; nor could he resist a smile when she began to tear her little wardrobe into bandages, those chemises and *lavalavas* that she used to iron under the trees, and put away with such care into the camphor wood-chest with the bell-lock.

For the better part of a fortnight Jack lay where they had placed him on the mats, undergoing, with intermissions of fever and delirium, the tedious stages of convalescence. Fetuao seemed never to leave him, attending to his wants, brushing away the flies, feeding and watching him with an anxious solemnity that at times almost awed the sailor. Her brilliant eyes, as black and limpid as some wild animal's, watched him with an unceasing stare. He often wondered what was passing in her graceful head as he lay looking up at her, too weak to speak, the drowsy hours succeeding one another in unbroken silence. Once, when he ran his hand over his face and recollected with a pang how old and ugly he must seem to her, she had understood the sigh that expressed his own disgust, and had bent over and kissed him on the lips. From that moment his love for her deepened into an emotion transcending anything he had ever felt before. He saw now that to separate himself from her would be to break both their hearts; that for good or evil he was hers and she his; that fate—that God—had indeed joined them together.

When at last he grew strong enough to walk, he went with her across to the native pastor's house, where together they stood up before the Reverend Tavita Singua and were married. This was the prelude to another and more binding ceremony before the American Consul in Apia, whither they both went in a canoe borrowed from Faalelei. The official books were withdrawn from the safe, and the thirty-six Americans in Samoa were increased by two new names: "Jack Haviland, aged thirty-one, birthplace, Bath, Maine, occupation, seaman, present residence, Oa Bay; and Fetuao Haviland, supposed to be seventeen, a daughter of Faalelei, chief of Oa Bay, his lawful wife (see Consular Marriage Record, page 4)."

As he stood there before the Consul, painfully conscious of his bare feet, of his unkempt and ragged appearance, of the contrast between himself and that benignant official, he timidly brought up the subject of the fee. No doubt there is some kind of damage, he said, and might he leave this ring—his mother's wedding-ring—in pawn until he might earn a little money and square the matter? The Consul took the ring, looked at it a moment without a word, and then in a rough, friendly way, seized Fetuao's hand and slipped it on her finger.

"I think it belongs here," he said.

"But the fee?" said Jack.

"Hang the fee!" said the Consul.

With that he went into an inner office and returned with a sheepish air, as of a man about to do something he was ashamed of.

"Here's ten dollars," he said. "Take it; it's a present, you know. I never married anybody before."

Jack refused the money a little ungraciously, though his voice trembled in doing so.

"Have a drink, then?" said the Consul.

"No, I thank you, Sir," Jack blurted out.

Embarrassment in a cloud descended on all three.

(To be continued.)

FURS FOR THE EUROPEAN MARKETS: THE DEAREST PELTS IN THE WORLD.

DRAWN BY P. FRENZEN



TRAPPING THE SILVER FOX AND THE SEA-OTTER.

The most precious of all furs, that of the silver fox, is of a dark sooty black, with tips of white of a metallic lustre. The silver fox is found only in Siberia and Alaska. The felt of the sea-otter, which is now nearly extinct, is of a rich dark velvety brown. The animal survives only in Khamkatka and Alaska. Last year, £340 was paid for a single silver fox, and a sea-otter felt brought £150. Sea-otter nets are sunk through a hole cut in the ice. A bell suspended above, and connected by a string with the net, gives the trapper notice of a capture.



THE "WINDWARD" AT SYDNEY, SHOWING A KAYAK, OR ESQUIMAUX CANOE, AND A DOG-SLEDGE.



LIEUTENANT PEARY AT SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON, ON THE DAY OF HIS RETURN.



TWO ESQUIMAUX DOGS: THE LARGER, TALACHTOUCA (BIG GREY FELLOW) HAS BEEN WITH LIEUTENANT PEARY ON ALL HIS EXPEDITIONS.



LIEUTENANT PEARY AND CAPTAIN SAMUEL BARTLETT ON THE DECK OF THE "WINDWARD."

THE RETURN OF LIEUTENANT PEARY'S POLAR EXPEDITION: THE "WINDWARD" AT SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON, SEPTEMBER 18:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. W. VERNON.



THE "FRAM" IN TOW BY THE "HEIMDAL."



CAPTAIN SVERDRUP INTERVIEWED ON LANDING AT CHRISTIANIA.



A HAPPY FAMILY ON BOARD THE "FRAM."



THE FORWARD DECK OF THE "FRAM."

THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN SVERDRUP'S POLAR EXPEDITION: THE "FRAM" AT CHRISTIANIA, SEPTEMBER 28.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILSE, CHRISTIANIA.

THE RETURN OF THE SVERDRUP EXPEDITION.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. MEYER.



CAPTAIN OTTO SVERDRUP AND HIS SLEIGH-DOGS ON THE DECK OF THE "FRAM."

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Story of Verona. By Althea Wiel. Illustrated by Nelly Erichsen and Helen M. James. (London: Dent. 4s. 6d.)

In Kings' Byways. By Stanley J. Weyman. London: Smith, Elder. 6s.

Nebo the Nailer. By S. Baring-Gould. (London: Cassell. 6s.)

Oldfield: A Kentucky Tale of the Last Century. By Nancy Huston Banks. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)

The Land of the Dons. By Leonard Williams. (London: Cassell. 15s. net.)

A Dissertation upon Second Fiddles. By Vincent O'Sullivan. (London: Grant Richards. 5s.)

Marina: A Dramatic Romance. By William Shakespeare. Edited by S. Wellwood. (London: Grant Richards. 3s.)

Your Uncle Lew. By Charles Reginald Sherlock. (London: Hutchinson.

The new volume of that well-prepared series of small books—"Medieval Towns"—is the "Verona" of Mrs. Wiel. Was there ever before such an abundance of information on the art, the architecture, and the history of



N. ERICHSEN. FEB. 16, 1902.

SOUTH DOOR OF THE DUOMO.

Reproduced from "The Story of Verona," by permission of Messrs. Dent.

Italian cities as that with which we are now supplied? And can any other country show the like? To the block, the process—in a word, the facility of cheap reproductive illustration—the greater part of this fertile activity is to be referred; for without illustration, these books, large and small, would lose their stay-at-home readers, well as they might serve, on the spot, for guide-books. As it is, they are guide-books, books for study, and books for reference, and at the same time little galleries of art. "Verona" is perhaps the most lovable of that chain of subalpine cities which begins with Turin and ends with Venice. Or at least—if no town is to be named with Venice—Verona is the most interesting and illustrious, leaving out the Adriatic city. She has her august memories of Dante; she has her Gothic tombs out in the sun; she has her rosy marble in the reflected lights of a divine climate; she has her ancient market-place, with its fountain and its flowers; she has her San Zeno—a church incomparable even in that ancient country; she has her peculiar, her rapid, her energetic Adige; she has one of the most perfect Roman amphitheatres in the world; for fiction and fancy she has the house of Juliet; and as for art, she has a school of painters which, as Mrs. Wiel rightly says, has not yet had sufficient study. While the smallest Tuscan master has been so hunted up and down that a well-informed reader is supposed to know something of his descent on the mother's side, who knows much about Paolo Morando detto Cavazzola, about Girolamo dai Libri, about Francesco Morone, about Vittor Pisanello? Paolo Veronese indeed we know, but only because he transferred his glorious work to Venice. There is something in Verona's possession of masters, about whom criticism has chattered little, that accords with her name, "la degna"—the "dignified." "Dignified" is a vile word, but it is nearer to "dega" than Mrs. Wiel's "worthy." While Genoa was "the proud," Florence "the gentle," Padua "the learned," Verona had dignity for her characteristic. Such careful books as this can but minister to that civic dignity. Modern Italy is building Verona round about with factory chimneys. There is to-day a bouquet of them, smoking on her outskirts, but the English amateur has made a literary record of beauty too quickly passing into destruction.

"In Kings' Byways," the general title given by Mr. Stanley Weyman to his new volume of short stories, covers more particularly the first seven of them. Even these, indeed, it does not describe very aptly. The story of "Hunt, the Owl," has even less to do with our William III. than "The House on the Wall" with Louis XIV. But the other five play about the French Court, and Henry of Navarre strides gallantly through most of them. The same figure dominates the second

part of the volume, selections from the "Diary of a Statesman," in which the Duke of Sully is made to narrate some amusing and exciting adventures. Two tales of King Terror, "A Daughter of the Gironde" and "In the Name of the Law!" complete the book. The repetition in one of these of a device of story-telling already employed in "For the Cause," surprises us into wondering whether the volume as a whole does not show signs of a flagging invention. We rather think it does—and perhaps a collection of short stories is a severe test to put a writer of cloak-and-dagger fiction to. There is some sameness of situation, for example, in "Crillon's Stake" and "The King's Stratagem"; and in the latter the stratagem is not sufficiently long hid from the shrewd reader. This, however, does not detract from our interest in each story as it stands, and the intensity of that interest is undoubted. It would be absurd to speak of Mr. Weyman's work as belonging to the highest order of fiction. We can think of no writer of his standing who touches our emotions less. But he can, and generally does, tell his story in such a way as to absorb our attention; and it is perhaps necessary in these days to remember that the telling of a story is a very considerable part of a story-teller's art.

It may happen to any writer, the best and most conscientious, to fall far below his own standard, and often in such a case the reviewer does wisely in dealing leniently with the shortcoming. But we must protest, and protest most strongly, when Mr. Baring-Gould writes and puts his name upon the title-page of "Nebo the Nailer." For "Nebo the Nailer" is deplorably thin stuff, and no indebtedness we owe to the author for work in the past, were it ten times greater than in Mr. Baring-Gould's case it is, ought to keep us from saying so. Indeed, the fact that it is the writer of "Mehalah" who has perpetrated "Nebo" makes it all the more necessary to state plainly how very poor this book is. The scene of the story is laid among the nailers of Worcestershire, whose occupation is described with great particularity and lack of art. On an early page we are shown the villain and his stepson beside a forge engaged in a duel with red-hot rods, and at an exciting moment, "A word upon these rods," interposes the author, and stops the action to tell us that from a bundle of split rods, weighing 60 lb., the nailers look to make 56 lb. weight of nails, unless, indeed, they are turning out nails of a larger size (*sic*)—in which case they account for 52 lb. only. The story itself is on a level with this manner of telling it—crude, slovenly, and of no account.

The literature of Kentucky grows apace; and in the latest addition to it, Miss Nancy Huston Banks's "Oldfield," we welcome a story which, we feel certain, will take its place in the literature of the American people. We do not wish to spoil our praise by the exaggeration of calling it an American "Cranford"; nevertheless, "Oldfield" immediately suggests that masterpiece, and is worthy to do so. Miss Banks's study is, we take it, pure Kentucky. The setting is distinctively that of the new ground for which gentle-people from across the Alleghanies, like the parents of Miss Judy, left their old homes in Virginia. Only local circumstances, peculiar to special conditions of life, could produce many of the characters in the story—and we refer not only to the Judge and the Pirate, but to such a figure as Mrs. Sidney Wendall, the mother of the heroine, who maintained a full household on the gifts of food made her by the families whom she entertained, when "on the pad," with her gossip and good company. All the characters in the book, indeed, are the products, not of a stated society, but of special, and in some respects raw, conditions of life. But this only intensifies the broad appeal which Miss Banks makes on the sympathy of the reader. In Miss Judy especially she has drawn a beautiful and engaging portrait of an old lady who does not lose, but rather increases her hold upon our affection by her little absurdities. Not less striking are old Lady Gordon, Anne Watson, the Doctor and his wife, and the coloured women Merica and Eunice, rivals for the hand of Enoch Cotton, Lady Gordon's black coachman; and Doris Wendall is a heroine as womanly as she is beautiful. We heartily congratulate Miss Banks on a fine piece of work.

It is late in the day to write general impressions of Spanish life and character, but Mr. Leonard Williams, late *Times* correspondent in Madrid, has found much that remained to be told in his book, "The Land of the Dons." To be sure, he peppers his pages with Spanish words in italics, a practice as useless as it is annoying; and his style becomes flippant from time to time, as though the limits of serious journalism had been trying to his self-restraint; but his book is greater than its faults. Mr. Williams possesses the intimate and personal knowledge of Spanish life that is not vouchsafed to the tourist, for he ever so assiduously. Special information for which the reader of the average work of this class looks in vain may be found in every chapter of "The Land of the Dons." Three chapters out of thirteen are devoted to the bull-ring, and while Mr. Williams shows an intimate knowledge of the technicalities of tauromachy and a fine appreciation for what is dramatic and picturesque in the arena, he is wisely content to set down a plain tale and not to express sympathy or antipathy—a little piece of diplomacy that will enable him to retain his friends in both countries. Special interest attaches to the author's review of the present situation in Spain—a review from which no reader of such a book can escape. For once we find a happy combination of sound knowledge and good judgment, though it is not more than we should expect to find from a writer enjoying Mr. Williams's exceptional facilities for obtaining information from the best sources. He writes quite temperately, and does not exaggerate or minimise the difficulties that face Spain in dealing with provinces that have little or nothing in common with the Castiles. "The Land of the Dons" is a handsome volume enriched with some excellent illustrations, but one must regret the inclusion of Velasquez' portraits of the Philips and the Count Olivares. To produce

these masterpieces of the master portrait-painter in any but the very best style and company is unpardonable; it would surely have been better to limit the range of the illustrations, and end with the bull-fight pictures, which are excellent of their kind.

It is not easy to say what Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan is driving at. His "Dissertation" is partly essay, partly story, and wholly whimsical. There is an amusing portrait of a gentleman who adopts the suggestion of a German philosopher that he should prolong his life by securing the will-power of his relatives. This he does by heaping benefits upon them, assuring them that these will cease after his demise, and that nothing will be left in his last testament. His relations, therefore, will with all their might that he shall live, and this is a great triumph for him, and for German philosophy. The "Dissertation" passes on to the affairs of another gentleman, whose misfortune is that he cannot sin. He is brought into contact with an Anarchist, who kindly consents to teach him by devising various outrages on Society, of which he is to be the instrument. Somehow they all recoil upon the Anarchist, who dies of blood-poisoning. We regret to say that the humour of this legend evaporates long before the end.

Mr. Wellwood has reprinted those portions of "Pericles" which most critics are agreed to regard as Shakespeare's work. They bear unmistakable signs of his hand, and it is certainly a charity to release them from companionship with the very gross stuff which makes up the rest of the play. Anything worse than "Pericles" in the way of dramatic construction was never seen. Shakespeare's collaborators in this affair were beneath contempt, and we might marvel that he should have taken part in such sorry botching, did we not know that he could look at these matters with the eye of business, and not of art. The mighty spirit that descended so low as "Pericles" rose very soon to the transcendent beauty of the "Tempest." That is the most comforting reflection to be made upon the composition which Mr. Wellwood has detached from its context and called "Marina."

Inasmuch as it is "a fictitious tale or narrative, professing to be conformed to real life," "Your Uncle Lew" comes within the dictionary definition of "novel," and justifies the author in so describing it; but only very slightly, however much it may be intended to do so, does it "exhibit the operation of the passions, and particularly of love," and thus it falls short of Webster's conception. For present purposes it may be roughly divided into three parts. The first of these deals almost entirely with the life of an old "sport," and is in the nature of biography; the second retails the history of that most audacious of humbugs, the Cardiff Giant, and is suggestive of a clever magazine article; the third is devoted to the achievements of a trotting mare, and might have been written by a popular author of sixpenny-edition racing stories. Altogether, a somewhat perplexing, but eminently palatable mixture. Of the characters introduced, Uncle

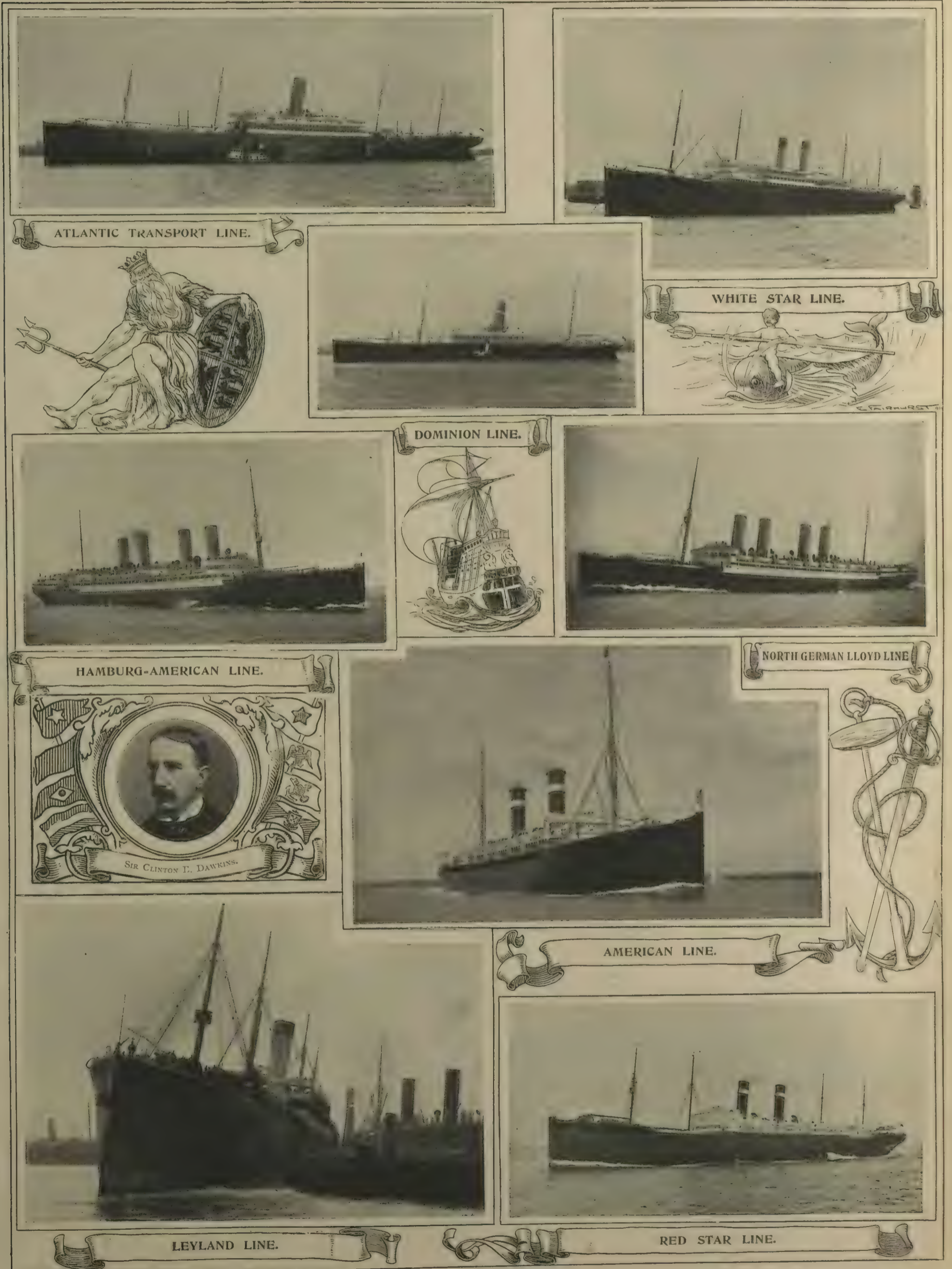


WHEN SHE CAME, ALL ELSE IN THE WORLD TOOK SECOND PLACE.

Reproduced from "Your Uncle Lew," by permission of Messrs. Hutchinson.

Lew is naturally the most important: his quaint personality pervades the book, and beside him the other figures pale almost into insignificance. Eating-house keeper, horse-dealer, and sportsman, revelling in an occasional sharp deal, and rough-hewn as the mammoth monolithic man who plays so prominent a part in the story, this natural-born American is depicted with considerable skill. The connoisseur in character will find in him a creation after his own heart. For the rest, a pleasant, if slight and almost unnecessary, love theme serves to knit together the threads of the story, and to provide the conventional "happy ending."

THE GREAT AMERICAN STEAM-SHIP TRUST: LINES COMPOSING THE NEW INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE.



The photograph of Sir C. E. Dawkins, Chairman of the British Committee of the new company, is by Elliott and Fry. Around the portrait are the flags of the amalgamated companies. The photographs of North German Lloyd, Hamburg-American Line, and American Line are reproduced by permission of "Rhodes's Steam-ship Guide"; the first and last of these are by West, Southsea; the Leyland Line is by Gregory; the White Star was supplied by the company; and the Red Star by the company.



THE REVOLT IN THE BALKANS: MACEDONIAN REBELS CARRYING OFF ALBANIAN VILLAGERS NEAR MONASTIR.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

A reign of terror has been established in the vilayet of Monastir, where the armed bands of Boris Sarsoff have been carrying off the entire population of villages to the mountains. At the Greek village of Vodena the tax inspector and three assistants were killed, and the villages of Tressine and Kumanovo were burnt.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

There are, of course, many sides to the question what a living being inherits from its ancestry, and how it inherits the characters it exhibits. We are told by one school of naturalists that acquired characters—those acquired by the parent as part of its own personal history—cannot be inherited. This view is opposed by another school of thought. The latter maintains that it is at least possible for the features an animal has contrived to develop as an individual to be handed on to its descendants.

There is yet another view of this inheritance question which is akin to that just named. The inquiry has been made whether an animal may develop characters which are due to its environment or surroundings, and, if so, whether such characters may remain as part of the constitution to the race to which it belongs. Here, if we are able to establish a case, we see, first of all, the origin of a character or feature produced by the particular (or changed) surroundings; and, secondly, the handing on of such a feature to posterity. I was forcibly reminded of this interesting topic of recent days by referring to the case of a certain shrimp-like animal whose history is of somewhat remarkable character in view of the questions already noted.

The animal to which I allude is appropriately known as *Artemia Salina*, because it is found living in water which exhibits a far higher degree of saltiness than does the sea. It seems to require from 4 or 5 to 8 per cent. of salt, in order to live in its native medium. So that we are compelled to look for *Artemia* in salt lakes and pans. A favourite place for acquiring specimens is at Lymington salt pans, for example. Still more desirous of a highly concentrated salt water is a neighbour of the *A. Salina*, known as *Artemia Milhausenii*. This latter shrimp, if so we may call it, might well be regarded as being impervious to pickling, for it is only found in water which contains 25 per cent. of salt. Naturally, this animal occurs in certain localities alone where the requisite degree of salinity is attained. Now mark that the two *Artemias* are perfectly distinct creatures. They belong to different species, and each is easily recognisable from the other by reason of the characters it bears. To mention one point only, the tail in the *Salina* form shows two pointed ends armed with hairs; while the tail of the other form has two very blunted ends, bearing no bristles at all. I need not remark that features of this kind (among many others) are precisely those on which naturalists rely for distinguishing any one species of animals from another. There is, therefore, no question of the complete identity of each kind of salt-water shrimp. Each is as distinct, judged by ordinary zoological standards, as the horse is from the ass, or as one kind of deer is from another.

Now comes the interesting part of this natural history story. A careful observer took *Artemia Salina*, living, as it does, in water containing, say, 4 per cent. of salt; he then gradually increased the amount of salt, with the result that the *Salina* form became much altered and modified. In particular, the conformation of the tail was seen to undergo a singular change. In place of the pointed ends it developed shorter and blunter processes, and the hairs with which it was provided began to degenerate. Finally, when the salt in the water reached the 25 per cent. stage, the *Salina* form became metamorphosed into the *Milhausenii*. This is a striking instance of what an alteration of the environment of an animal may accomplish in the way of transformation. If it be urged that the two species are really merely "varieties" of one and the same, the fact none the less remains that before the experiments in question nobody doubted the distinctness of each form. Even if, as is likely, they sprang from a common stock, that fact does not in the least damage the clearly specific idea of each animal as things are.

If it be urged that such transformations of animals are not liable to occur outside the laboratory of the zoologist, a ready answer can be supplied to this objection. It happens that high to the Black Sea exist two lakes—the one separated by a dam from the other. The upper lake showed 4 per cent. of salt in its water, and was tenanted by the *Salina* form; the lower lake had no *Artemias*. Its waters were highly saline, and contained 25 per cent. of saline matter. On one occasion the dam intervening between the lakes burst, with the result that a large number of *Artemias* were carried down into the lower and saltier water. After the dam had been rebuilt, the lower lake, the water of which had been diluted down to about 8 per cent. salt strength, gradually acquired its old amount of salinity. The *Artemias* were duly watched as the salt in the lake increased. They were seen to be undergoing the change of form already noted. After three years' interval, when the lake had regained its 25 per cent. strength, the *Artemias* of the *Salina* type had become duly changed into the other species.

It is possible, conversely, to convert the *Artemia Milhausenii* into the *Salina*. This can be done by lessening the salt in the water, for when the decrease extends from 25 to about 6 per cent. the blunt tails are replaced by the pointed ends. Nor is this all. When the salt water was gradually changed into fresh by dilution, the *Artemia Salinas* underwent another transformation. Then they appeared as a familiar freshwater shrimp, known to every zoologist under the name of *Branchipus*. Hitherto nobody had dreamed of this last being related to the *Artemias* at all. It is included, indeed, in a distinct family circle of its own. Two things are clear from these experiments. First, that an animal's surroundings may materially affect its life and conformation; and, secondly, that characters, the result of change of environment, may be handed on to the descendants. Indeed, as it seems to me, the secret of successful living, whether in man or the shrimp, is the power of accommodation to whatever surroundings the organism may be placed amidst.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

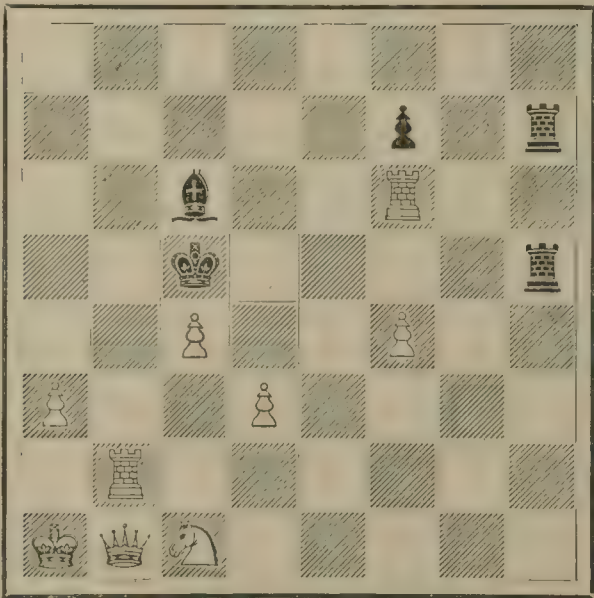
C W (of Sunbury). Did our notice regarding your last contribution escape your attention?
 P DALY (Brighton).—We are glad to know you are pleased with Mr. Finlayson's problem. Your own is marked for insertion.
 J P TAYLOR (Bromley).—We shall, perhaps, prefer to keep both rather than make a choice.
 R H ANDREWS (Jersey).—At last we think your problem is correct, and it shall appear in due course.
 T ROBERTS.—Such praise we fear would make the author vain; but it is not undeserved.
 L DESANGES.—Your two-mover is marred by duals that are somewhat serious in such compositions.
 H D O'BARNARD and T A BROCK (Cambridge).—Received with thanks.
 HENRY WHITTEN.—It shall appear.
 C W SUMNER.—Your problems are accepted with pleasure.
 W F OSBORN (Sheffield).—We regret we cannot answer by post, but if you apply for a catalogue of chess books to T. M. Brown, 39, Park Cross Street, Leeds, you will doubtless find something to suit you.
 CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3047 received from L. Desanges; of No. 3048 from F. B. Worthing and L. Desanges; of No. 3049 from Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), J. I. G. Pietersen (Kingswinford), F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), C. H. Allen, A. J. Allen (Hampstead), F. B. Worthing, Robert Godfrey, A. G. Panosov, J. D. Tucker (Hilley), D. B. R. Ogan, M. A. Fyfe (Folkestone), C. A. Rowley (Clifton), W. F. Round (Brighton), and W. H. Bohn (Ryde).
 CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3048 received from J. W. (Campsie), W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), Hereward, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J. D. Tucker (Hilley), F. J. S. (Hampstead), Sorrento, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), George W. Cutler (Dulwich), Edith Corser (Keigate), Martin F. Andrew Collins (Glasgow), Alpha, W. D. Easton (Sunderland), J. F. G. Pietersen (Kingswinford), Charles Burnett, W. H. Bohn (Ryde), W. P. K. (Clifton), Oscar Dingnan (Walsall), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Reginald Gordon, T. F. Marson (Maida Vale), J. Nelson (Glossop), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), H. S. Brandreth (Sidmouth), R. Worters (Canterbury), Shadforth, and F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3047.—By W. FINLAYSON.

WHITE. BLACK.
 1. B to B 6th Any move
 2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 3050.—By H. E. KIDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HANOVER.

Game played between Messrs. S. LIEBKNECHT and H. KRAUSE.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. B to K 3rd	P to B 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. Kt to B 3rd	P takes B
3. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd	If Kt takes Q, Black mates by R takes P.	
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes P	18. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	19. R takes P	P takes Kt
6. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	20. P takes P	B to B 5th
7. Castles	Castles	21. K R to K sq	
8. R to K sq	P to K B 4th	This looks weak. The alternative was Q R to K sq, and it would have avoided some of the after-play. Black, it will be noted, is always threatening something serious.	
9. P to Q B 4th	P to B 3rd	21.	Q to R 8th (ch)
10. P takes P	P takes P	22. K to K 2nd	R to K sq (ch)
11. Kt to B 3rd	K to R sq	23. B to K 4th	R takes B (ch)
12. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	Black finishes in fine style. This game is in vivid contrast to much of the pointless chess which is now so common.	
13. P to Q R 3rd		24. P takes R	Q takes P (ch)
To prevent Kt to Kt 5th, and little dreaming of the crushing reply.		25. K to B sq	Q to R 8th (ch)
13.	Kt takes Q P	26. K to K 2nd	B to Kt 5th (ch)
This combination is very effective. White is obliged to take the Knight.		27. K to Q 3rd	R to Q sq (ch)
14. K Kt takes Kt	B takes P (ch)	28. K to B 3rd	B to Q 7th (ch)
15. K to B sq	Q to R 5th	29. K to B 3rd	B to B 4th (ch)
		White resigns.	

CHESS IN HAMBURG.

Game played between ALLIES in consultation and Mr. F. J. MARSHALL.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Allies).	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Allies).
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	22. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	23. K R to B sq	Kt to B 5th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	24. Kt to Kt 5th	R to B 4th
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	25. Q to K 4th	Q to Q 4th
5. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	The complications of this middle game will please everyone. Here, if White should exchange, he will lose at least Rook for Knight.	
Attention may be directed to the apparent superiority of P to B 3rd here. In any case, there is no present scope for Black's Queen's Bishop.		26. R to B 5th	Kt to R 6th (ch)
6. P to K 3rd	P takes P	Very fine, and eventually wins. Now if P takes Kt Black wins by R takes Kt (ch). Fine play by Black distinguishes the whole game.	
As this assists White's development it can hardly be commended.		27. K to B sq	R takes P (ch)
7. B takes P	Castles	28. K to K sq	Q takes Q (ch)
8. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 4th	29. Kt takes Q	R takes P
9. B takes B		30. R takes Kt P	P to K R 3rd
B to K B 4th may also be played with safety. If so, B to K B 4th, Kt takes B; 10. P takes Kt, Kt takes P; 11. Kt takes Kt, and the Queen cannot retake because of B takes P (ch), etc.		31. Kt to Q 6th	R to Kt 5th
10. Castles	Q takes B	32. R to R 5th	Kt to Kt 4th
Not good in itself; but now Black gets the chance of playing afterwards P to K 4th, which leads to good results.		33. P to K R 4th	Kt to B 6th (ch)
11. P takes Kt	P to K 4th	34. K to B 2nd	Kt takes Q P
12. Q to B 2nd	P to K B 4th	35. Kt to B 7th (ch)	K to Kt sq
13. P to K 4th	P to B 3rd	36. Kt to K 5th	R to B sq (ch)
14. P takes B P	K P takes P	37. K to K 3rd	R takes P
15. P takes P	K to R sq	38. R takes R	Kt to B 4th (ch)
16. Q to B 3rd	P to Q R 4th	39. K to B 4th	Kt to Q 3rd (ch)
17. R to Q Kt sq	P to Kt 5th	40. R to B 7th	Kt takes R
18. B to K 4th	B takes P	41. Kt to Kt 6th	R to K sq
19. B takes B	Q takes B	42. R to R 3rd	K to R 2nd
20. Q takes P	R to B 2nd	43. R to K Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 4th
21. Q to K 5th	Q to Q 2nd	44. Kt to K 5th	P to Kt 3rd
		45. R to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 3rd (ch)
		46. K to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 4th
		47. R to K 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd
		48. Kt to Kt 4th	R takes R (ch)
		49. Kt takes R	P to R 5th
		Black wins.	

THE BODLEIAN AND ITS FOUNDER.

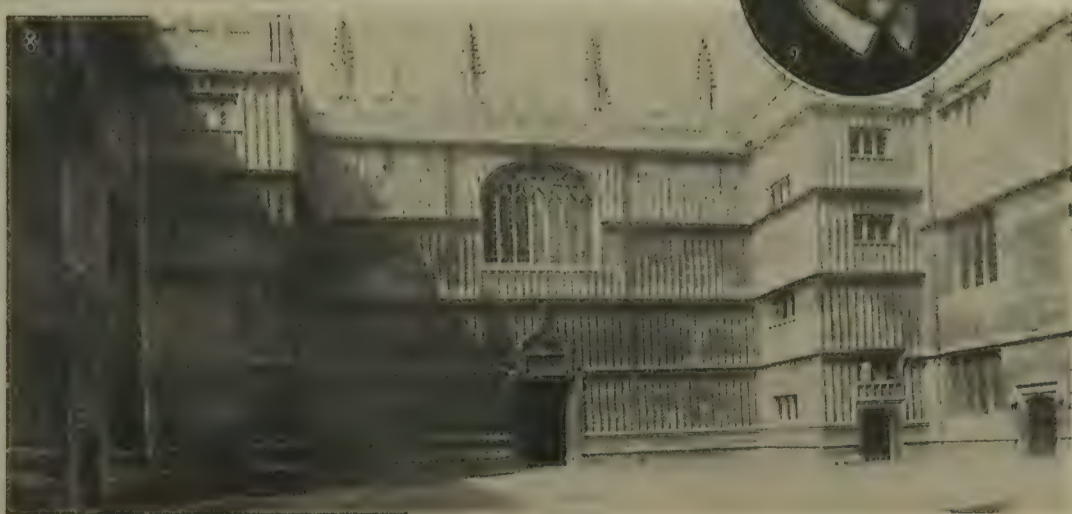
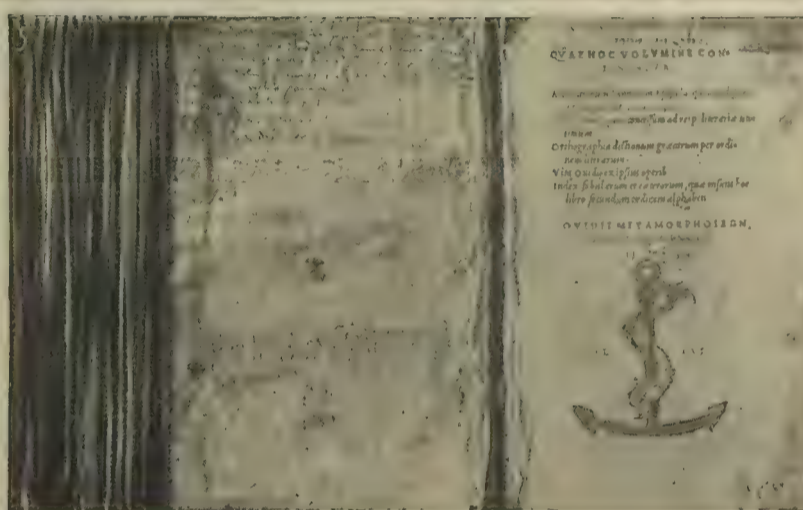
To every Oxford man, the focus of his Alma Mater is no doubt his own college, but on an impersonal view he will discover that his mental picture of the University centres in that cluster of buildings of which the Bodleian Library, irreverently styled the "Bodder," is the core. Turning out of High Street between St. Mary's Church and Brasenose, you enter that precinct where, at the birth of the University, stood the unpretending buildings in which the first lecturers held forth; and the curious persistency of the local idea, exemplified so strikingly in London and Paris, has ordained that the spot shall remain in a modified form the intellectual "agora," as it were, of Oxford. Teaching, it is true, has become decentralised, and even the inquisitorial labours of the schools are no longer conducted under the shadow of Bodley's shrine, but the ground is still sacred to books and independent study, Oxonian conservatism still paints in blue and gold over the low-browed doors the names of the ancient "schools," the freshman matriculates beneath the carved roof of the adjacent divinity school, degrees are granted and great public functions celebrated in the Sheldonian Theatre, the old Clarendon building on the Broad Street side of the Bodleian is sacred to clerly business, and of recent days the old Ashmolean building has afforded a workshop to Dr. Murray and his lexicographers. The whole group is dominated by the Dome of Radcliffe's great auxiliary to Bodley's Library, the "Camera." In that reading-room, designed by Gibbs, you may prosecute research in an atmosphere far less exhausting than that of the greater rotunda in Bloomsbury.

The Bodleian Library, which this week celebrates its three hundredth birthday, was founded by Sir Thomas Bodley, one of those great Devonians who built themselves imperishable names in the days of Elizabeth. Bodley was born at Exeter on March 2, 1544. His father, John Bodleigh or Bodley, a noted Protestant, was compelled during the reign of Mary to seek shelter abroad, and settled with his family at Geneva, where young Thomas prosecuted his studies. The future benefactor of Oxford attended the lectures of Chevallier in Hebrew, of Beroaldus in Greek, while in Divinity he was the pupil of Beza and Calvin. The boy—he was only twelve—supplemented these labours by reading Homer privately with the Greek lexicographer Constantine. Surely a sufficiently formidable educational programme for one just entering his teens! But then our forefathers always seem to have been "further on" for their age than we are. The accession of Elizabeth made it possible for the Bodleys to return to England and settle in London. Thomas was sent to Magdalen College under Dr. Laurence Humphrey, and in due course took his bachelor's degree. A fellowship at Merton followed, and in 1565 he began to lecture on Greek in the college hall—at first gratuitously, out of pure love of the "new learning"; but such was the success of the venture that the college granted Bodley a salary of four marks per annum, and made the lectureship permanent. For some years he followed the routine life of the don, continuing his collegiate lecture on Greek, and supplementing it with another in the public school, on natural philosophy: so exquisitely elastic was the curriculum of those days, or so finely accomplished the preceptors, that he who taught classics in the morning might be found expounding physics in the afternoon. He proceeded Master of Arts in 1566, three years later assumed the awful office of proctor, and acted, informally, as deputy public orator. Later he became absorbed in Hebrew; but the cramping round of academic life was not enough to satisfy Bodley's spirit. He craved for the wider world, sought leave of absence, and travelled in France, Italy, and Germany for four years, acquiring a perfect mastery of modern languages. Returning home, he entered the Diplomatic Service, was sent on a mission to Denmark, and subsequently visited France on confidential State business to Henri III. He so distinguished himself in the conduct of affairs that he was shortly appointed Elizabeth's permanent resident in the United Provinces. For seven years he held this position with credit to the country and himself; but at last he wearied of diplomacy and asked to be recalled. At first his petition fell upon deaf ears, but it happened that some of his actions had offended the Queen, who "wished he were hanged."

Of this regal pronouncement, Bodley quaintly says in his autobiography he learned "for his comfort," and with new urgency applied for release from duty, this time unusual with minds constituted as his was, the spell of academic life lured him back to Oxford. In 1597 Sir Thomas—he had now been knighted—wrote his famous letter to the Vice-Chancellor offering to restore to its former use that room which was all that remained of the old public library to which Duke Humphrey of Gloucester had largely contributed. "Out of the throng of Court contentions," he says, "he had been considering how he could still do the true part of a profitable member of the State." He resolved, therefore, he says, "to set up my staff at the library door in Oxon, which then in every part lay ruined and waste." The offer was accepted, and Bodley at once set about interesting his friends in Devonshire in his project. Gifts of books poured in from every quarter, and at length the Stationers' Company agreed to present the library with a copy of every volume they published. The founder toiled at his task indefatigably, justifying alike his learning and business capacity in arranging the details of his scheme; and on the eighth of November, 1602, the library was formally opened. Two years later, the first catalogue—a small, thick quarto of 655 pages—appeared. The bulk of the volume was significant of the shelf-space already occupied in Duke Humphrey's room, which was now growing too small to hold the accumulating treasures. In 1610, accordingly, the eastern wing was begun, and was completed two years later. The Jacobean Tower, exemplifying the five orders of architecture, dates from 1613-18, but this addition the founder did not live to see. In 1611 Bodley's health began to fail, and the following year he died in London, bequeathing his all to the University. SIGMA.

THE TERCENTENARY OF THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD, OCTOBER 8-9.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAUNT, OXFORD.



1. THE DRAKE CHAIR IN THE LIBRARY.
2. THE SOPHOCLES WHICH SHELLEY CARRIED WHEN HE WAS DROWNED.
3. AN ANCIENT CASKET IN THE LIBRARY.
4. COPY OF BACON'S ESSAYS PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, WHOSE PORTRAIT IS ON THE BINDING.
5. A COPY OF OVID WITH AN ABBREVIATED SIGNATURE OF SHAKSPERE.
6. THE TOWER OF THE FIVE ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE.
7. THE NUCLEUS OF THE COLLECTION: DUKE HUMPHREY'S LIBRARY.
8. THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY FROM THE QUADRANGLE.
9. THE FOUNDER, SIR THOMAS BODLEY.
10. THE RADCLIFFE LIBRARY, WITH THE BODLEIAN IN THE BACKGROUND.



HISPID LIZARD (AFRICA).
COCTEAU'S SKINK (CAPE VERDE ISLANDS).

THE HARTEBEEST (ANGOLA).

SIMONY'S LIZARD (CANARY ISLANDS).
LIMBLESS LIZARD (AUSTRALIA).

NEW ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LASCELLES.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE TEAM PUSHING OFF.



MR. E. V. HANEGAN, WHO INTRODUCED THE GAME INTO ENGLAND, AND THE BALL.



ALMOST A GOAL.

A NEW WINTER GAME: PUSHBALL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Two teams of eight men tested the new American game of pushball at the Crystal Palace on October 4, playing for the first time in England according to the definite rules of the Pushball League. Anerley beat the Crystal Palace team by 1 goal and 3 tries. One of our photographs shows an Association football against the ball used, which weighs 50 lb.

Photos, Russell.



"THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR": PEREGRINE FALCON AND PTARMIGAN.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.



EX-PRESIDENT STEYN AT CLARENS, NEAR MONTREUX.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A SKETCH BY F. THOROTON, MONTREUX.

The invalid ex-President of the Orange Free State is now living in a villa at Clarens, near Montreux. He spends a great deal of time out of doors lying on the balcony, whence he can enjoy an exquisite view of the Lake of Geneva, the Castle of Chillon, and the Dent du Midi.



THE WRECK OF A SCHOONER AT GORLESTON: BRINGING THE CREW ASHORE BY THE BREECHES-BUOY.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A SKETCH BY A. W. YALLOP.

Late at night on October 1 the Ipswich schooner "Amy" was blown ashore by a heavy east wind. Great seas swept over her, and the crew were quite powerless. Amid a scene of wild excitement, the coastguard threw the rocket-line, and brought all the crew ashore with the exception of one man, who was drowned.

From the "Mail and Empire," Toronto, Canada—

FIRST AID TO ANIMALS.

The Farmer may Learn to Treat His Own Cattle and Horses.

It is a question if the live stock of our farms are as hardy and as free from disease as were those of pioneer days. The stone walls of the bank barns and the more liberal allowance of food have

worked wonders in replacing the long-horned, pot-bellied steer by the chunky, sleek-haired beeve of to-day. The gain in weight of individual is most marked, and earlier maturity brings a proportionately greater profit to the owner.

Some veterinarians tell us, however, that the comfortable stables and the confinement of stalls are conducive to a weakening of the constitution, so much so that ailments of many kinds are now met with that were formerly unknown. The treatment of these ills becomes a matter of some importance with valuable stock, and even if the services of a veterinary are available, it is well that the farmer should have a practical knowledge of the

symptoms of sickness. Injuries are unavoidable, and prompt attention to these may save life. An excellent work on first aid to animals in cases of accidents and ailments has been published by Elliman, Sons and Co., of Slough, England, giving information that will be of assistance in the emergencies that arise in every herd or flock. The volume contains 188 pages, with fifty illustrations, and devotes considerable space to poultry and dogs, as well as to the larger farm stock. A pleasing feature is the

clearness of the descriptions and the avoidance of technical terms. The treatments prescribed are remarkably simple, calling for the employment of such means as may be found ready to hand on any farm. In addition there is a set of illustrations, indicating the appearance of the teeth of the horse at different ages. Some valuable prescriptions are given for remedies that may be kept in store for immediate use. The care of horses and their needs in the way of water and feed are discussed at some length. So highly was this book appreciated by Major-General Baden-Powell, in South Africa, that he has had each of the troop officers of the constabulary under his command supplied with a copy.

SEE THE ELLIMAN

FIRST AID BOOK



- 1 BAD HEAD BADLY SET ON
- 2 THICK CULLET
- 3 EWE NECK
- 4 LOW WITHERS
- 5 NARROW CIRTH
- 6 LONG BACK
- 7 SLACK LOIN
- 8 HIGH CROUP
- 9 COOSE RUMP
- 10 CAPPED HOCK
- 11 CURB
- 12 OVERSHOT FETLOCK
- 13 NO BACK RIBS
- 14 BOC-SPAVIN
- 15 SANDCRACK
- 16 CAPPED ELBOW
- 17 TIED IN BELOW KNEE
- 18 RINGBONE
- 19 STRAIGHT SHOULDER
- 20 LIGHT BONE
- 21 LAMINITIS

A BAD UNSOUND HORSE

PUBLISHED BY ELLIMAN SONS & CO. SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

IN COLOURS. Superior work. A copy of above, to measure 26 in. by 18 in., suitable for framing, may be had for stamps or P.O. value One Shilling, post free throughout the world. Foreign stamps accepted. A Racehorse picture may also be had upon the same terms; also that of a Companion Racehorse picture upon the same terms; also a copy of THE ELLIMAN FIRST AID BOOK, described in the letterpress round this picture, may be obtained post free by sending stamps to the value of 1s. foreign stamps accepted, or the label affixed for the purpose to the outside of the back of the wrapper of a 2s. Bottle of Elliman's Royal Embrocation would secure a copy of the Book only, free. Owners of Dogs or Birds only can have the section relating to them 54 pages—apart from the complete Book, free.—Address, ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., Slough, England.

LADIES' PAGE.

With reference to the national or general memorial to Queen Victoria, which is to take the form of a statue and other decorative structures near Buckingham Palace, Lord Ronald Gower makes a practical suggestion. He advises that the bas-reliefs or subsidiary statues, as the case may be, placed around the monument should do honour to the great men of the reign, by typical groups to represent a few leading statesmen, scientists, authors, artists, and soldiers and sailors. It was a source of regret to some of us that at the later celebration of the good woman Sovereign's long rule over us, there seemed no thought of any other national greatness but that of the Army and Navy; and the late Queen's exclusively



A DESIGN FOR GREY CLOTH AND CHINCHILLA.

military funeral proceeded upon the same lines. But the glory of the Victorian era will surely not rest in history on the wars that it contained, but mainly on the achievements of social and political reform, the progress of the arts and sciences, and the splendid literature that it produced. Combat, Tolstoy notwithstanding, we must admit, may be still necessary to be able to maintain our own national existence and freedom; but after all, war is only the necessary protection for the labours of peace. Lord Ronald goes on to suggest that the advance of women in the reign should be personified by a group of illustrious women; and he proposes as the subjects of this symbolical decoration Grace Darling as a type of bravery and self-devotion; Florence Nightingale as the type of mercy and wisdom in the organisation of charity; Helen Faucit, as an actress who brought thought and intellect, combined with an irreproachable life, to the aid of her artistic instincts in the redemption of the stage; and Marion Evans ("George Eliot") as the leading woman writer of the Victorian era. Let us hope that the suggestion may be taken into consideration. To prevent misunderstanding, I will add that the summing up of the characteristics of the women named is not Lord Ronald Gower's, but my own; but those named above are the women whom he admirably selects.

Queen Victoria's Jubilee Nursing Institute was, as most people remember, started with the sum subscribed for presentation to her late Majesty by the daughters of her Empire on the occasion of the completion of fifty years of her reign. The sum invested by the late Queen's command for use in placing charity nurses in different parts of the country was nearly £70,000. The income from even this considerable amount was, alas! insufficient to meet the whole need; and the committee has made an appeal for another sum of the same amount as the original gift to extend their operations as a Woman's Memorial of that Sovereign, whose life and work did so much to raise the estimation in which her sex was held. It is now announced that £60,000 has been received for this doubly excellent purpose. The committee will keep the fund open till the end of this year, in hopes of receiving the other £10,000. So let ladies who can give money to good causes note the valuable double character of this appeal, and help to fill the lists in the time that remains before the accounts must be balanced.

Queen Victoria's Jubilee nurses are appointed to visit the sick poor in the large towns under organised supervision. Such a form of help is most valuable, for nursing is by no means, as was once supposed, a natural gift to women, so that one and all of them are competent by instinct to afford the fullest assistance in sickness that the case admits. The desire to aid and relieve the suffering may be (I hope it would be exact to say it is) general amongst women; but nursing is more than that—it is a skilled occupation, for the following of which instruction based on science is necessary. It is a great matter to have got that fact recognised as widely as it is now, thanks chiefly to Miss Nightingale's efforts. Very great mischief has been done, both as regards women themselves and their reputation for capacity in work, and as regards those who have to depend on their exertions, by the too-common supposition that some really highly skilled occupations come by nature to all women. The Queen's nurses are thoroughly trained and certificated. They visit patients who are just able to keep out of the workhouse infirmary. When necessary, they will tidy the room, make some simple invalid dish, wash the patient, and do up the bed, and so on. One great benefit of their visits is the instruction that they can give to the ignorant if kindly neighbour or inexperienced little girl on whom the patient must depend for the rest of the day. Many of the cases that the nurses attend are chronic, and untold suffering is saved to them by the skilled aid. So no charity could be more worthy.

Liberals everywhere are raising great objections to the Education Bill introduced by the Government; and to add the protest of the women workers on that side of politics, the Women's Liberal Federation holds a meeting in St. James's Hall, with the Countess of Aberdeen in the chair, on Oct. 15. The Women's Local Government Society are calling a non-party meeting two days earlier in the same place to protest against the fact that under the provisions of the Bill women will no longer be eligible for direct election to Education Boards. Mr. Balfour has promised to make it quite certain in the Bill that women, whether married or single, shall be eligible to be members of these Boards; but as there is to be only indirect election, they will no longer be able to offer themselves for membership to the public voters (who are women as well as men), but will have to depend upon the handful of men on the county councils for any direct representation of women. This is decidedly a change for the worse in regard to the influence of women upon the education of children, and the Women's Local Government Society claim that this is disadvantageous to education and detrimental to the public interests, as well as a step backward for women in regard to representative institutions in this country.

With the Court in residence in London for a portion of the time, and an autumn session of Parliament, the "little season" promises to be of unusual brightness in town. Evening dress is always a subject of some importance at this juncture, for the "little season" is well established in London society, and the small dinners and "evening-at-homes" of this time are often more enjoyable than the great crushes of the season proper. Some quite delightful new evening gowns are making their way over to share in the festivities. There is to be a good deal of velvet worn by the matrons, by young ones as well as the more mature. Black velvet is becoming indeed to a fair skin, and when just relieved with a little handsome white lace it requires no further trimming for a good figure and complexion. A bright emerald-green velvet that I have seen, on the other hand, is profusely trimmed with embroideries in pale silks worked on strips of the velvet, and with scarves of lime-green chiffon held on with clusters of green grapes—the most fashionable design, for some occult reason, that the moment displays. The embroideries run down the skirt between lines of chiffon, and clusters of grapes catch the chiffon to the velvet at the top of a chiffon flounce, which is itself strapped down with narrow bands of velvet embroidered—a very splendid gown, this, designed for a Duchess who declines to be elderly. A very pale blue silk is decorated with a flounce of lovely lace, and lines of pale green foliage are placed on the skirt and round the décolletage. A delicate yellow panne Princess gown has a Marie Antoinette fichu of old lace, also of a yellow tint, fixed against the bust with rosettes of shaded panne, in which the tints of a sunset might have been caught, ranging from gold to flame; plenty of lace is added in the way of flounces, headed with small rosettes of the same shot panne upon the trained skirt.

An extremely popular notion in the making of the evening frocks is the draping of one shade of tulle over a second and perchance a third colour. The effects thus produced are unique—no dye could be the same. Here is one with a white silk foundation overlaid first with white chiffon, then with deep green, then with delicate pink; the trimming is slight, as the gown is so decorative in itself, but there is a line of dainty chiffon roses in blush pink with equally delicate green leaves down the skirt, to meet a flounce of cobwebby lace that does not hide the tints of the diaphanous draperies beneath. Another of these filmy effects is obtained with a dark blue draping of tulle over a pale blue foundation, white chiffon coming over the dark blue, and then a veil of pink. The effect is impossible to imagine or describe, but really, though a little startling, it is very lovely. A trail of pink roses is the only trimming on this dress, but the berthe of chiffon is arranged to hold any number of diamond and sapphire ornaments, of which the intending wearer of the dress has a special collection in her jewel-case.

Sashes are to be fashionable. Black over white, and white combined with black have by no means lost their popularity. Gowns in this combination, though very elegant to look at, do not lend themselves to description. One dress in fine black tulle laid over three or four foundation-skirts of white chiffon, and trimmed with medallions of black lace, has an elegant effect that I doubt not the bare description will fail to convey. An extremely charming

dress in white chiffon, the bodice fitting closely, cut Princess fashion, had black lace applied to it in such a manner as to give an Empire effect. There was a trimming of a band of black lace some inches broad round the bosom, making a short bodice in a way, and then another scarf of black lace was brought up against this, and fell down to the feet loose from the bust, thus producing the Empire effect, but still outlining the figure with the natural waist at the side and back. This dress was further trimmed with a waved insertion of black lace about the knee, and tiny rosettes of a chené ribbon that gave a slight relief of mauve and pink to the general effect.

The glitter of sequins has not passed out of our favour. A black lace gown has two deep flounces sprinkled with sequins sparingly; then a deep insertion of white lace, and black lace gathered in lines from the waist downwards to the flounces, all the lace being also embroidered with sequins. Another very fine gown—the effect produced being perhaps the more appreciated from the somewhat excessive use that has been made for some time past of the shiny sequins—is embroidered in a pretty pattern with the very finest quality jet beads. Black sequins gave a glittering effect here and there in the design, but the more refined sparkle of the cut-jet beads had a beauty all its own. Some very magnificent dresses are being prepared in London for the Durbar. One that I have seen half completed is of white corded satin embroidered with a raised pattern of chenille flowers; the train—Court length, of course—was edged with accordion-pleated chiffon. The low bodice was bright with silver sequins, meeting in the centre of the bosom a butterfly, the body composed of sequins, and the wings of wired chiffon. A puff of chiffon fell over the top of the arm by way of a sleeve.

Our Illustrations show an evening dress in which a black lace gown embroidered with grapes is posed upon a white foundation cut *en Princesse*; and a walking-costume of grey cloth trimmed with chinchilla. Now that squirrel-back is promoted to the position of a visible fur, and is no longer condemned to waste its soft tints and deep surface exclusively as a lining, it will prove to be a



A DINNER-GOWN IN BLACK AND WHITE.

very useful trimming for a plain cloth gown. The softness and durability of the squirrel's fur is the main ground for its success as a lining for our cloaks, and on its present promotion to external decorative positions, it will be found to be advantageous wear for the same qualities. It is not very expensive; naturally, the increased use will have a tendency to raise the price, but at present squirrel is, as furs go, not costly. The fashionable furs, such as sable and sealskin, and even the better class of foxskins, grow every year more expensive, and are fast becoming possibilities of wealthy women only; every winter the price rises. Very large fur tippets are fashionable this season. Wide over the shoulders and full over the chest, with stole-ends that reach nearly to the feet and are relieved by bunches of tails near the waist and again at the knee, a tippet of foxskin reaches the old price of a sealskin cloak. Moleskin capes and coats are dear because they need the sacrifice of so many of the tiny beasts.

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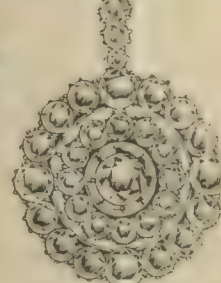
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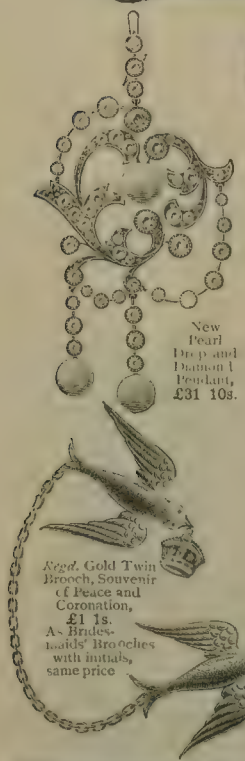
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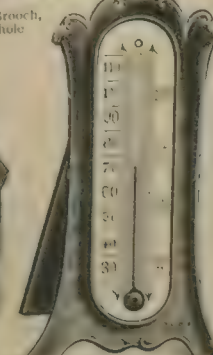
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Dover has been greatly benefited in health by his stay in Germany and Switzerland, and has now returned to the Precincts, Canterbury. He is attending to all his duties as Suffragan Bishop and Archdeacon of Canterbury.

There were very large congregations at St. Agnes, Kennington Park, on the eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, when the new choir stalls were dedicated. These have been provided by the congregation at a cost of over £300, as a memorial to Queen Victoria.

The Bishop of Liverpool is greatly concerned as to the lack of candidates for the Ministry. Preaching on a recent Sunday at St. Andrew's, Southport, he pointed out that at the present time in the diocese of Liverpool alone there were at least twenty clergymen who were crying out for curates, but could not get any applicants for the positions, and consequently the sick, the dying, and the poor in their parishes were left without proper ministrations. Dr. Chavasse also said that the Nonconformist and Roman Catholic churches were experiencing similar conditions.

The Bishop of Stepney, who was staying at Balmoral at the end of September, has replaced Canon Scott



PERSIAN KITTENS.—BY C. REID.

By permission of the Autotype Company.

Holland as Sunday afternoon preacher at St. Paul's, and will be Canon-in-Residence on the date of the royal visit to the Cathedral.

Dr. Parker is greatly improved in health, although last Sunday a slight cold prevented him from preaching

at the City Temple. The vast crowd which welcomed him back on the last Thursday of September was the best possible proof of the affectionate admiration with which he is regarded, and of the unique place he holds in the church life of London.

Earl Spencer, who has always taken an earnest interest in Church work, presided at the artisans' meeting in connection with the Church Congress. The speakers at the overflow meeting included the Bishop of Hereford and the Rev. C. A. V. Magee. The closing service of the Congress was to be held in Peterborough Cathedral, with the Archdeacon of London as the preacher.

The Bible Society is to have an agency in the Transvaal, with an office at Johannesburg. A large consignment of Scriptures is to be forwarded to the new colony, and the distribution will be under the direction of the Rev. G. Lowe.

This is the season of harvest festivals, and one of the most interesting was held at

Escot Parish Church, where the Bishop of Exeter was the preacher. Sir John Kennaway, M.P., and his son read the lessons. Dr. Ryle has lately dedicated the new Church of England Hostel established in Exeter. This is intended for the religious education of Church of England girls who are preparing for the work of teaching.—V.

OUR TEETH.

Has no one been struck by the fact that in spite of the regular daily cleansing of the teeth with tooth-powders and tooth-pastes, the teeth (and particularly the back teeth) frequently become decayed and hollow? And is not that a convincing proof that tooth-powders and tooth-pastes are completely inadequate means for cleaning the teeth? Our teeth are not so obliging as to decay only in places which can be conveniently reached with tooth brushes, powders, and pastes. On the contrary, it is just in those localities which are difficult of access—such as the backs of the molar teeth, the interstices of the teeth, hollows and cracks—that causes of destruction of the teeth appear most frequently and are most probable. In consequence, if anyone wishes to preserve his teeth intact, that is to say to keep them healthy, this can be effected in one way only, by daily cleansing and rinsing the mouth and teeth with the new antiseptic dentifrice Odol. During the process of rinsing this preparation penetrates everywhere, reaching alike the cavities in the teeth, the interstices between them, and the backs of the molars, destroying bacteria wherever generated. This absolutely certain effect which Odol has been scientifically proved to possess is principally due to a peculiar property which causes it to be absorbed by the hollows in the teeth and by the mucous membrane of the gums so that they become impregnated with it. The immense importance of this entirely new and unique property should be fully grasped; for whilst all other preparations for the cleansing and protection of the teeth are effective only during the few moments of application, Odol leaves an antiseptic deposit on the surface of the mucous membrane and in the interstices of the teeth which continues to be effective for hours. In this manner a continuous antiseptic effect is produced, by means of which the whole oral cavity and the minutest

recesses which it contains are completely freed from, and protected against, all fermenting processes and injurious bacteria. It follows that everyone who daily and regularly cleanses his mouth and teeth with Odol will practise the most perfect hygiene of the mouth and teeth in accordance with modern scientific principles.

It is to be hoped that with the invention of Odol the care of the mouth may become as general as the universal habit of washing the face and hands. Reflection will show that to keep the oral cavity pure is of even greater importance to health than cleanliness of the face and hands; and if the latter is regarded as indispensable, why

not the former? Persons who, in spite of repeated warnings, allow their teeth to decay are criminally neglecting their own health.

A flask of Odol costs 1s. 6d.; and a large flask, which will suffice for use during several months, 2s. 6d. Procurable from every Chemist. Only in cases when it cannot be otherwise procured, and in order to afford all an opportunity of testing for themselves the beneficial effects of Odol on the teeth and gums without inconvenience and at a minimum cost, the proprietors—Odol Chemical Works, 26, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.—have decided to forward post paid a sample bottle (patent flask) in return for 1s. 6d. in stamps.



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MISCELLANEOUS.

It is officially announced that the Royal Procession on Oct. 25 will proceed at a walking pace. This should set at rest the apprehensions of loyal South Londoners, who

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reproductions are admirably successful results of the three-colour process.

The encouraging start made last year by the Pinero Dramatic Club promises to be followed up in the second



MAJOR FRENCH, THE BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE, WATCHING THE FIGHTING.



TROOPS CROSSING AN EIGHTY-METRE PONTOON BRIDGE, BUILT IN AN HOUR AND A HALF.

THE SWISS ARMY MANŒUVRES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. KREIM.

feared that the pageant would pass at a brisk trot, thus affording all too fleeting a view of their Majesties. It has been arranged that the City address shall be presented on Oct. 24, at Buckingham Palace.

The publication is confined to the work of modern masters, and among the more notable examples are the late Lord Leighton's "Elijah in the Wilderness" and "The Last Watch of Hero." The

season now commencing. The secretary has already several engagements booked. Ladies or gentlemen wishing to join the club should communicate with the hon. secretary at 53, Melrose Gardens, West Kensington, W.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 15, 1892), with three codicils, of Mrs. Anne Turner, of Dingle Head, Liverpool, and Ferriby House, Yorkshire, who died on Aug. 10, was proved on Sept. 26 by the Right Rev. Charles Henry Turner, William Whitaker, and George Hopkin Shipley, the executors, the value of the estate being £633,305. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 each to the Royal Albert Asylum, Lancaster, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the South American Mission, and the Bishop of London's Fund; £1000 each to the Hull Infirmary and the Church Missionary Society, and to the Home for Incurables, the Bluecoat School, the Children's Infirmary, the Royal Infirmary, the Northern Hospital, the Southern Hospital, and the Stanley Hospital of Liverpool; £500 each to the Blind Asylum, the Sailors' Home, and the Ladies' Charity, Liverpool; £500 between the Northern, Southern, and Eastern Dispensaries, Liverpool; £500 each to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the Hull Seamen's Orphanage, the Industrial School (Kirkdale), the Warrington Fund for the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy,

the Railway Servants' Benevolent Fund, and St. George's Hospital; and very many other legacies to charitable institutions, relatives, and others. The residue of her property she leaves, as to one half thereof, to the nephews and nieces of her deceased husband; and the other half to her own nephews and nieces, and to the children of any deceased nephew and niece.

The will (dated April 14, 1891), with a codicil (dated April 18, 1902), of Mr. Thomas James Walker Sargent, of Talbot House, Highgate, and 6, Mincing Lane, who died on May 17, was proved on Sept. 26 by Mrs. Ellen Sargent, the widow, and Norman Thomas Carr Sargent, the son, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £86,271. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1892), with six codicils, of Mrs. Selina Lingham, of Vincent Lodge, Norwood Road, Herne Hill, who died on Aug. 1, was proved on Sept. 25 by Frederic Brooke, Edmond Didier Linton, and Dr. Harold Charles Lingham Scofield, the executors, the value of the estate being £50,632. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of

St. Andrew's, Worcester, in trust for the poor; £1000 in trust for Frances Souter for life, and then £500 each to the Royal Asylum of St. Ann's Society and the Orphan Working School, Haverstock Hill; her Chatham and Dover Railway Arbitration Stock in trust for Henry Charles Langbridge and Jane, his wife, and the survivor of them, and then for the Rochester Diocesan Society, the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and the Church Pastoral Aid Society; £1000 to the National Benevolent Institution; £500 Stock to the Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic (Queen Square); £1000 each to the Church Missionary Society and the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Benevolent Society; £500 each to the Royal Eye Hospital (Southwark) and the Princess Christian Nursing House (Windsor); £250 each to the North London Hospital for Aged Blind Christian Men and Women, the Blind Man's Friend Charity, the Blind Female Annuity Society, the Home for Blind Children (Kilburn), the East London Home and School for Blind Children (Clapton), the Royal Blind Pension Society (Southwark), the Trained Nurses' Annuity Fund, the Home of Rest for Nurses (12, Sussex Square, Brighton), the Newport Market Refuge and

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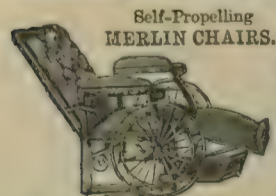
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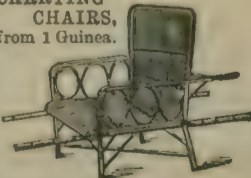
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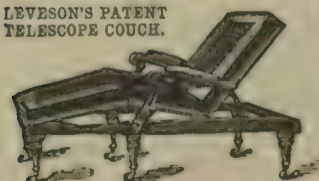
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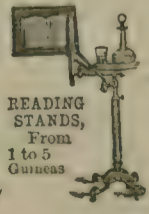
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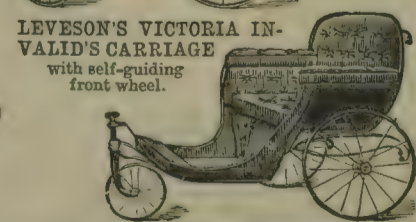


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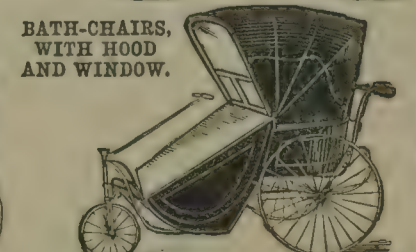
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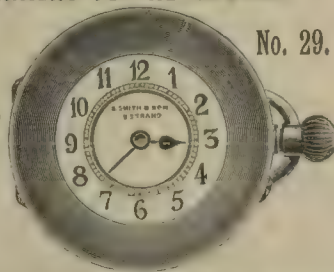
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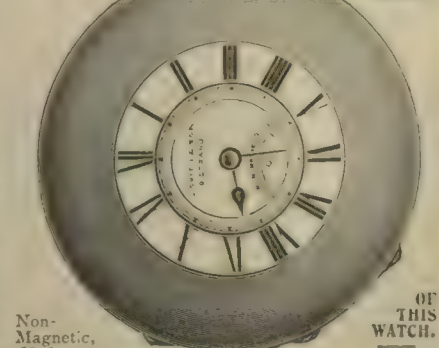
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Industrial School (Westminster), the Home for Poor Crippled and Orphan Boys, the Hospital and Home for Incurable Children (Maida Vale), the Victoria Hospital for Children (Chelsea), and the Home for the Dying (Freidenheim, Upper Avenue Road, South Hampstead); £500 stock, in trust, for her cousin Amy Tookey for life, and then for the British Orphan Asylum, Slough; £500 each to the Norwood Cottage Hospital, the Mildmay Park Nursing Institution, the Hastings and St. Leonard's Home for Invalid Gentlewomen, the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution, the British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females; £500 to the National Life-boat Institution; £500 stock, in trust, for Sarah Adlard, and on her decease for the Orphan Working Asylum, Haverstock Hill; and many legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her property she leaves between the British Home for Incurables, Streatham, the Church Missionary Society, the Rochester Diocesan Society, and the London Diocesan Council for Preventive Rescue and Penitentiary Work in London.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1901) of Sir James Morse Carmichael, Bart., of 14, Dean's Yard, Westminster, who died on May 31, was proved on Sept. 26 by David Binning Monro, Matthew John Alfred Gosset, and Leonard Hopwood Hicks, the executors, the value of the estate being £32,217. The testator bequeaths to the trustees of the National Gallery, in accordance with an arrangement made with them, his seven cabinet

pictures; £500 to the Newport Market Refuge and Industrial School; £200 each to his executors; the silver inkstand given to their mutual great-grandfather by the poet Keats to David B. Monro; £500 each to Frank Robert Humm and Clement Arthur Wallworth; £1000 and his wearing apparel to his man, Lewis Burgess; and legacies to servants. The family portraits and silver and the papers connected with the claims to the dormant titles of Earl Hyndford and Viscount Inglisbury and Lord Carmichael he gives to his sister, Mrs. Mary Hollings, for life, and then for the male heir of his branch of the Carmichael family. All other his estate and effects he leaves to his sister.

The will (dated July 30, 1889), with four codicils (dated Sept. 24, 1890; Feb. 1, 1893; May 16, 1895; and July 9, 1897), of Sir Henry Bouverie Paulet St. John Mildmay, Bart., of Dogmersfield Park, Southampton, who died on July 16, was proved on Sept. 26 by Henry Bingham Mildmay and Reginald Olliver Warren, the executors, the value of the estate being £20,175 19s. 7d. The testator bequeaths £150 each to his executors; £100 to Edward Stephen St. John Mildmay; and legacies to servants; and he charges the settled family estates with the payment of £2000 to his son the Rev. Carew Hervey St. John Mildmay, and of £2000 for his younger children, these sums to be in addition to the £20,000 already charged thereon in their favour. The residue of

his property he leaves to his eldest son, Major Henry Paulet St. John Mildmay.

The will (dated March 1, 1899) of Mr. Thomas Worin Blyth, of Hassingbrook Hall, Stanford le Hope, Essex, was proved on Sept. 26 by Thomas Blyth and Samuel John Blyth, the sons, and George Ernest Jackson, the son-in-law, three of the executors, the value of the estate being £21,167. The testator gives £100 and the household furniture and an annuity of £500 to his wife, Mrs. Harriet Blyth, and subject thereto he leaves all his property to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 14, 1901) of Mrs. Dita Pariente, of 53, Cleveland Square, widow, who died on Aug. 19, was proved on Sept. 24 by Eliot Arthur de Pass, John Jacob de Pass, and John Hands, the value of the estate being £19,314. The testatrix gives £100 each to her godchildren Frank Alexander de Pass, Gerald de Pass, and Charles Lemann; an annuity of £45 to Emily Pariente; and there are many bequests of jewels, etc., to relatives and friends. The residue of her property she leaves to Judith, Ada, Minnie, and Beatrice de Pass.

The tower of Selby Abbey has been restored at a cost of £1600. It has been in a perilous state for some years, but has now been placed beyond the possibility of decay. The Rector, the Rev. A. G. Tweedie, has already obtained £1132 towards the total cost.

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A new form of amusement has "caught on" with the swimming clubs of Rome, the members of which, not content with fancy diving, have added an item—cycle diving—to their list of accomplishments, which, if generally persisted in, must be the cause of another boom in the cycle trade. Even the novice in photography knows the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory negatives when he is using a speed of anything over a hundredth of a second; the results are shadowy—mere ghosts of what they should be—and any rapidly moving object (such for instance as the present cycle dive) is represented by an indistinct blur extending across the plate. For such a fault there may be several reasons, but two causes of failure can here be given. The lens may be so slow that any fast exposure is impossible, and the shutter may also have the same defect. A good hand camera should have a lens such as the Goerz Double Anastigmat, which at its fullest opening, i.e. greatest rapidity, will even enable pictures to be taken in rainy weather. If such a lens is combined with a focal plane shutter, then the amateur can confidently look for success whatever instantaneous subject he undertakes. Combine these two essentials in an apparatus having every



requisite adjustment necessary for the most advanced worker, and at the same time much more compact than the crude and cumbersome boxes still in vogue, and shall we not say the ideal of the amateur is realised? Such an instrument is the Goerz Anschutz Folding Camera, the embodiment of what a hand camera should be—efficient, light, compact, and simple. It can be used with either plates, flat films, or the convenient daylight loading films, and all of these can be used with the same camera. It is of course true that the amateur does not always need such extremely rapid exposures; but if a camera, or indeed, any other such instrument, is to be thoroughly proved it should be subjected to the severest tests, work which would only under exceptional circumstances be required in practice. If the Goerz Anschutz Folding Camera produces excellent negatives with exposures so short as 1/1000th of a second, that given for the accompanying illustration, it can scarcely fail with an exposure of 1/20 second, and this is indeed the case. The West End Agents, The London Stereoscopic Co., 106-108, Regent Street, W., and 54, Cheapside, E.C., will be happy to send a pamphlet on application; or Mr. C. P. GOERZ, Nos. 1 to 6, Holborn Circus, will send it, if *The Illustrated London News* is mentioned.

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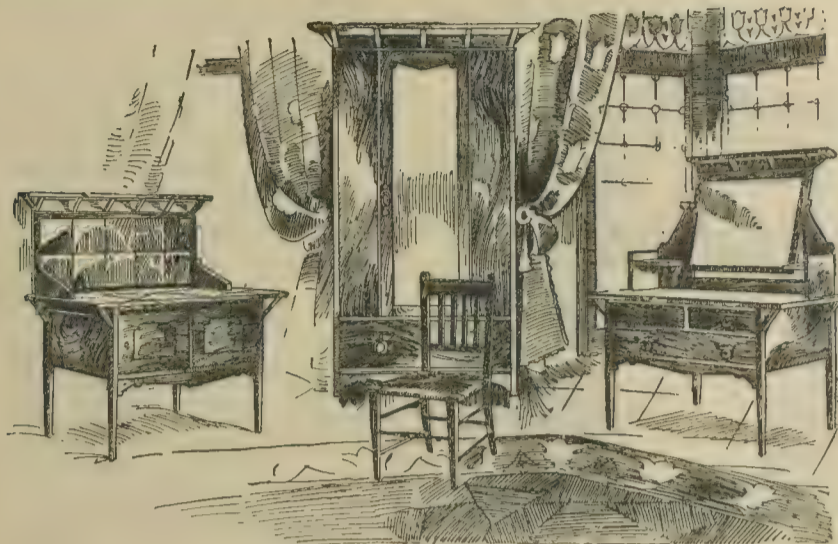
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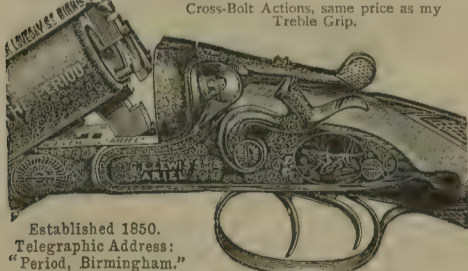
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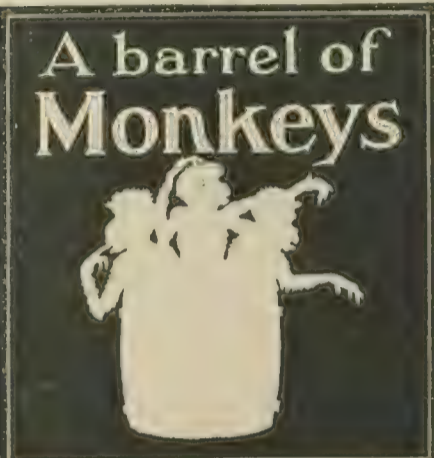
MUSIC.

The great event in the musical world during the past week was the Sheffield Musical Festival, held in the Albert Hall. The item in which most general interest was felt was the exquisite setting to the "Poem of the Dream of Gerontius," which was also given last month at the Worcester Festival. Dr. Elgar had already a great popularity in Sheffield, and this composition of his has enhanced it considerably. It is a noble work, and it was nobly rendered. Its technical difficulties are innumerable, and the chorus needs a brave heart to attack its part in the poem. The Sheffield choir, with one exception—at the beginning, when they lost their musical pitch in the "Kyrie"—left nothing to be desired. The Demon Chorus was especially excellent: sung with marked realism and effect, it was always sinister, and at times almost awe-inspiring. Taking the performance of Cardinal Newman's poem as a whole, there was a reverence and

perfection of taste in phrasing and dramatic tones that deserves great credit—firstly to the conductor, then to the chorus and to the orchestra. Miss Muriel Foster repeated the solos undertaken by her at Worcester, and again delighted the audience with her sympathetic rendering and her beautiful strong, clear voice. The tenderness of the angel's words were especially finely given. Mr. John Coates and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies were also excellent. In the second half of the programme Mr. Henry Wood conducted, and the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin" was excellently performed, as was also Beethoven's violin concerto, with M. Ysaye playing the solo part. Dr. Elgar again took control of the choir and orchestra, and conducted the first performance of his "Coronation Ode," originally composed for the abandoned Gala Performance at Covent Garden last season. Mr. Arthur Benson is responsible for the text, which comprises seven poems of varying sentiment. Dr. Elgar has illustrated these poems always convincingly and often with the inspiration of genius.

The second poem is probably the most beautiful, and an encore was insisted upon. It is set as a four-part chorus unaccompanied.

The concert in the evening was chiefly notable for the first performance in England of "The Wanderer's Storm Song" of Herr Richard Strauss. It is a setting of a poem in praise of genius, to which Goethe is said to have been inspired by a violent storm he was caught in when walking to Darmstadt in 1772. It is written in six-part chorus for two sopranos, one contralto, one tenor, and two basses. It is a masterly work, and the Festival is to be congratulated on giving prominence to one of our greatest living composers. Herr Richard Strauss was again represented in two songs, "The Pilgrim's Morning Song" and "Hymnus," sung magnificently by Mr. David Bispham. The songs are passionate and emotional, and at the same time of a very high order of composition. Dr. Frederic Cowen conducted his own "Ode to the Passions," which was written for the Leeds Festival of 1898. M. I. H.



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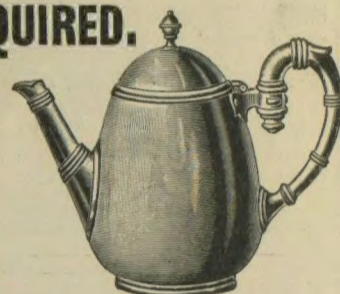
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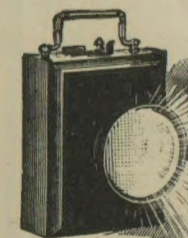
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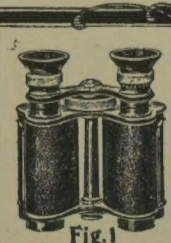


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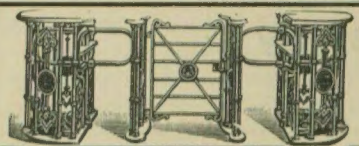
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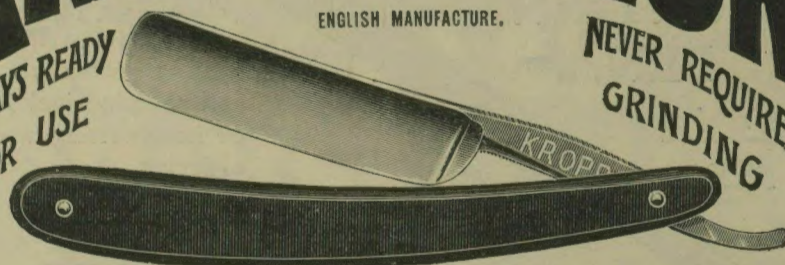
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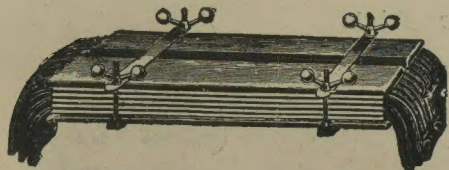
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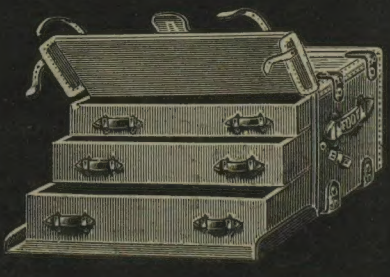
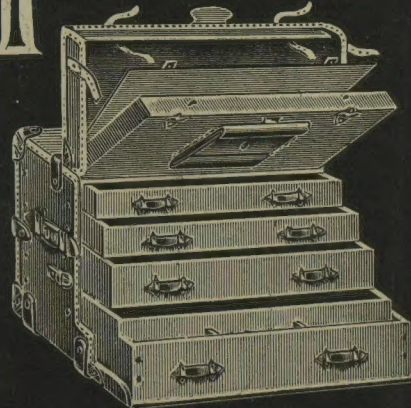
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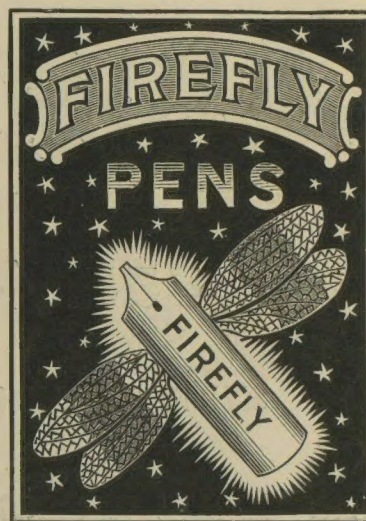
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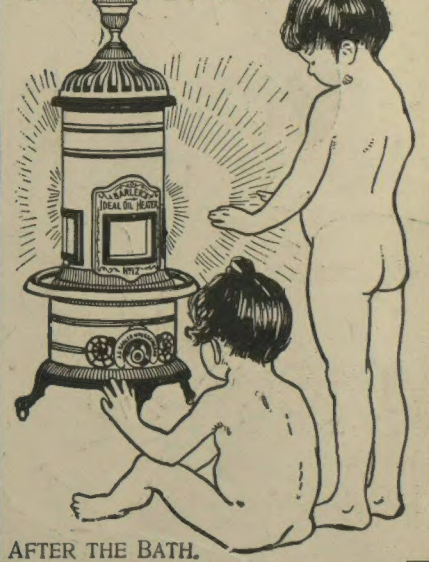
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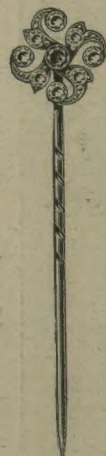
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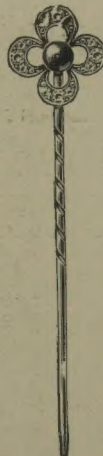
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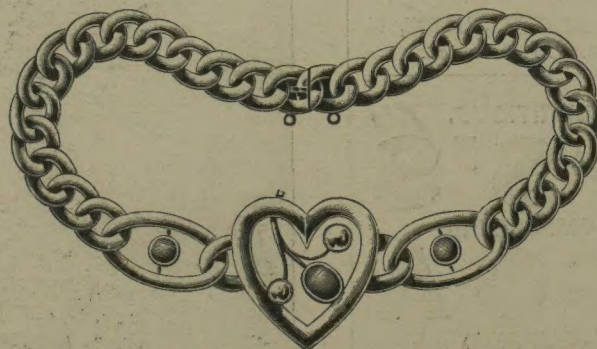
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